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Songs of Joy.

A COLLECTION OF

Hymns & Tunes,

ESPECIALLY ADAPTED FOR

Prayer, Praise, and Camp Meetings,
Revivals, Christian Associations,
and Family Worship.

BY J. H. TENNEY.

BOSTON:
LEE & SHEPARD, PUBLISHERS,
NEW YORK:
LEE, SHEPARD & DILLINGHAM,
1875.

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SONGS OF JOY:

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PRAYER, PRAISE, AND CAMP MEETINGS,
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AND FAMILY WORSHIP.

BY

J. H. TENNEY.

AUTHOR OF "GOLDEN SUNBEAMS," "ANTHEM OFFERING," ETC.

BOSTON:
LEE & SHEPARD, PUBLISHERS.

NEW YORK:
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PREFACE.

This little collection of hymns and tunes has been prepared to meet the constantly increasing demand for Sacred Social Songs, especially adapted for Prayer, Praise, and Camp Meetings, Revivals, Christian Associations, and Family Worship.

It is not a collection of new, untried material,—“words and music written expressly for this work,”—but a collection of hymns and tunes, three-fourths of which are selected from the *choicest gems* of the most popular composers of social music in the country. Many of them are known and sung in every village in the land, where the voice of prayer, and the song of praise are heard.

The new pieces have been selected with great care, and none are inserted that will not, in our judgment, stand the test of trial.

A choice selection of the old familiar tunes, which are sung in every prayer meeting in the land, are inserted near the close of the book. Among them will be found many of Dr. Lowell Mason's most popular tunes, without which, no collection of music for social worship is complete. These tunes are used by permission of Messrs. Oliver Ditson & Co., to whom we return sincere thanks.

We gratefully acknowledge our indebtedness to Messrs. S. Brainard's Sons, John Church & Co., Benham & Stedman, A. H. Redford, W. F. Schneider, Rev. R. Lowry, D. F. Hodges, Asa Hull, W. G. Fischer, E. Roberts, and J. H. Rosecrans, for permission to use many of their most valuable copyrights; and to Messrs. P. P. Bliss, J. R. Murray, Jas. McGranahan, J. H. Leslie, O. W. Pillsbury, and Dr. J. B. Herbert, for valuable original contributions.

J. H. TENNEY.

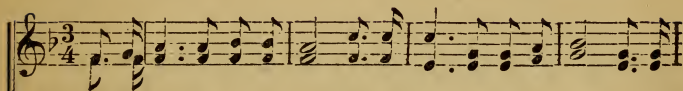
BOSTON, *Jan. 1st*, 1875.

SONGS OF JOY.

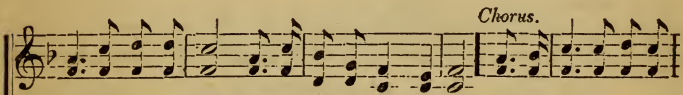
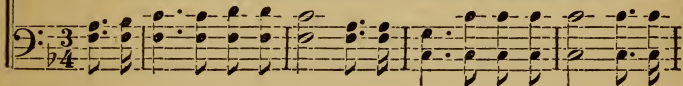
JOYFUL BE THE HOURS TO-DAY.

THOMAS KELLY.

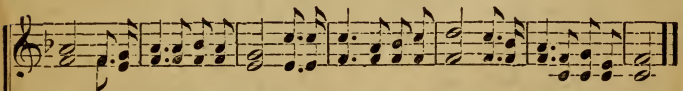
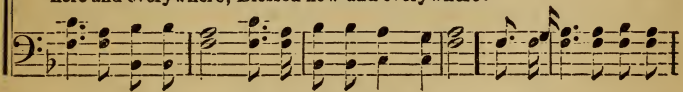
J. H. TENNEY.



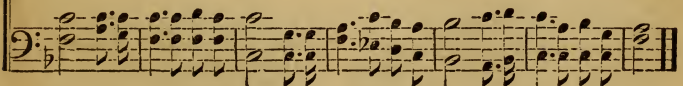
1. Joy-ful be the hours to-day; Joyful let the season be; Let us
2. Should thy people silent be, Then the very stones would sing: What a
3. Thine the Name to sinners dear! Thine the Name all names before! Blesséd



sing for well we may: Jesus! we will sing of thee. Songs of Joy on earth we'll
debt we owe to thee, Thee, our Saviour, thee, our King!
here and everywhere; Blesséd now and everywhere!



raise, When we chant our Saviour's praise, Songs of Joy in heaven will ring, When around
His throne we sing.



REV. S. WOLCOTT, D.D.

J. H. TENNEY.

"From "Golden Sunbeams," by per.

1. Dear Re-deem-er, on - ly Thee Would my waiting spir - it own,
2. Gracious Master, on - ly Thee Would my willing spir - it serve,

Trusting in Thy sym-pa-thy, Clinging close to Thee a - lone.
Working with fi - del - i - ty, Pressing on with dauntless nerve.

Refrain.

On - ly Thee, On - ly Thee, Dear Re - deem-er, on - ly Thee,

On - ly Thee, On - ly Thee ; Close I'll cling to Thee a-lone.

3.
Blest Immanuel, only Thee
Would my longing spirit claim,
Yearning for Thy purity, [flame.
Glowing with love's quenchless

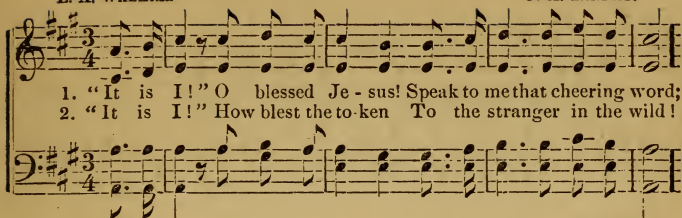
4.
Lord of glory, only Thee
Would my loving spirit praise,
Off'ring grateful melody,
Waking glad immortal lays.

"IT IS I!"

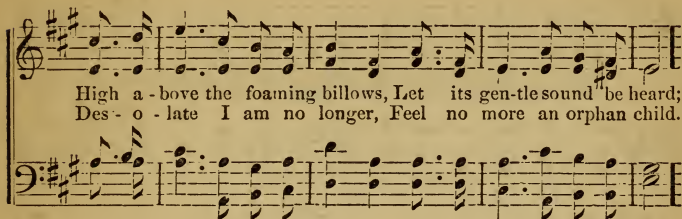
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E. A. WALKER.

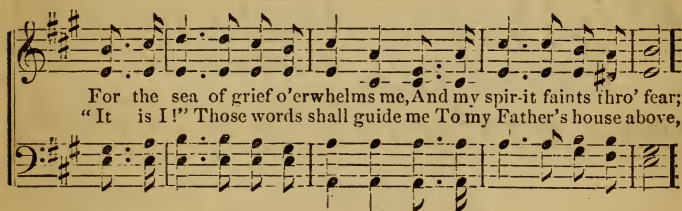
J. H. TENNEY.



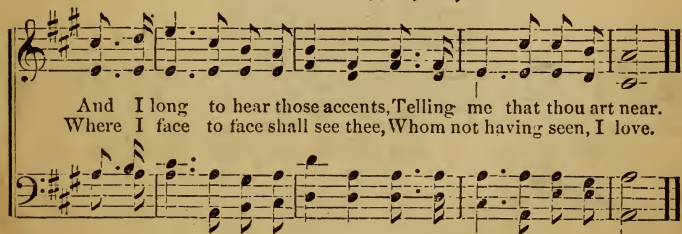
1. "It is I!" O blessed Je - sus! Speak to me that cheering word;
2. "It is I!" How blest the to-ken To the stranger in the wild!



High a - bove the foaming billows, Let its gen-tle sound be heard;
Des - o - late I am no longer, Feel no more an orphan child.



For the sea of grief o'erwhelms me, And my spir-it faints thro' fear;
"It is I!" Those words shall guide me To my Father's house above,



And I long to hear those accents, Telling me that thou art near.
Where I face to face shall see thee, Whom not having seen, I love.

3.

4.

"It is I!" That voice shall soften
All the anguish of my pain,
Be my strength in utmost weakness,
In my deepest grief sustain.
Never shall a cloud o'erspread me,
Wrapping me in darkness round;
But its gloom shall flee most surely
At the music of that sound.

"It is I!" O Jesus! speak it [brow;
When the death-dew damps my
Let me hear thee softly whisper,
"I am with thee even now."
Then no more shall death affright me,
Knowing thee, my Saviour, nigh;
Feeling infinite compassion
In the blessed "It is I!"

THE SHADOW OF THE CROSS.

DR. H. BONAR.

From "Golden Sunbeams." By per.

1. Oppress'd with noon-day's scorching heat, To yonder cross I flee;
2. Be - neath that cross clear waters burst—A fountain sparkling free;

Beneath its shel - ter take my seat: No shade like this for me!
And there I quench my desert thirst: No spring like this for me!

No shade like this for me! No shade like this for me. Be -
No spring like this for me, &c.

No shade like this for me. No shade like this for
No spring like this for me, &c.
No home like this for me, &c.
No rest like this for me, &c.

- neath its shel - ter take my seat: No shade like this for me!
for me,

me. No shado like this for me.

3.

A stranger here, I pitch my tent
Beneath this spreading tree:
Here shall my pilgrim life be spent:
No home like this for me!
No home like this for me, &c.

4.

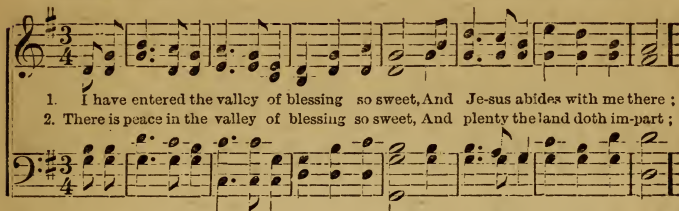
For burden'd ones a resting-place,
Beside that cross I see;
I here cast off my weariness:
No rest like this for me!
No rest like this for me, &c.

THE VALLEY OF BLESSING.

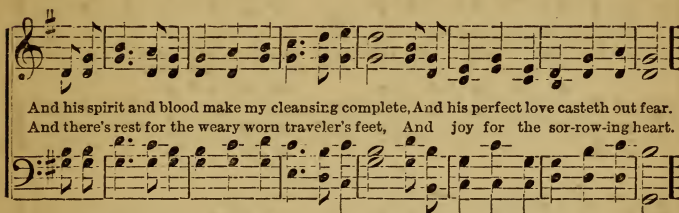
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ANNIE WITTENMYER.

WM. G. FISCHER. By per.

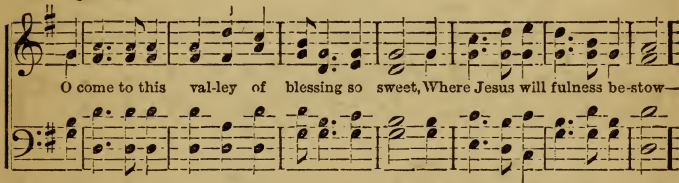


1. I have entered the valley of blessing so sweet, And Je-sus abides with me there ;
2. There is peace in the valley of blessing so sweet, And plenty the land doth im-part ;

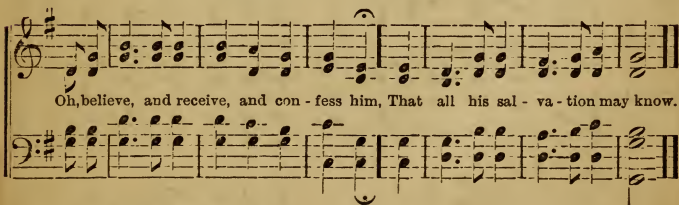


And his spirit and blood make my cleansing complete, And his perfect love casteth out fear.
And there's rest for the weary worn traveler's feet, And joy for the sor-row-ing heart.

Chorus



O come to this val-ley of blessing so sweet, Where Jesus will fulness be-stow—



Oh, believe, and receive, and con-fess him, That all his sal-va-tion may know.

3. There is love in the valley of blessing so sweet,
Such as none but the blood-washed may feel ;
When heaven comes down redeemed spirits to greet,
And Christ sets his covenant seal.—*Chorus.*
4. There's a song in the valley of blessing so sweet,
That angels would fain join the strain,
As, with rapturous praises, we bow at his feet,
O'ying, "Worthy the Lamb that was slain."—*Chorus*

NEARER HOME.

From "Golden Sunbeams," by per.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. O'er the hill the sun is setting, And the eve is drawing on,
2. One day near - er, sings the sail - or, As he glides the wa - ters o'er,

Slowly drops the gen - tle twi - light, For an - oth - er day is gone.
While the light is soft - ly dy - ing On his dis - tant na - tive shore.

Gone for aye, its race is o - ver, Soon the darker shades will come,
Thus the Christian on life's o - cean, As his light boat cuts the foam,

Still 'tis sweet to know at e - ven, We are one day near - er home.
In the evening cries with rap - ture, "I am one day nearer home."

Chorus.

Nearer home, Nearer home, To the green fields and the fountains;
Nearer home, Nearer home,

Nearer home, Nearer home, To the land beyond the sky.
Nearer home, Nearer home,

3. 4.

Worn and weary, oft the pilgrim
Hails the setting of the sun,
For the goal is one day nearer,
And his journey nearly done.
Thus we feel, when o'er life's desert,
Heart and sandal worn we roam,
As the twilight gathers o'er us,
We are one day nearer home.

Nearer home! yes, one day nearer
To our Father's house on high,
To the green fields and the fountains
Of the land beyond the sky.
For the heav'ns grow brighter o'er us,
And the lamps hang in the dome,
And our tents are pitch'd still closer,
For we're one day nearer home.

DRESDEN.

FANNY CROSBY.

E. ROBERTS, by permission.

1. { Lord, to thee in deep con-tri-tion, Would I lift my streaming eyes ;
Thou hast said a broken spi-rit, Fa-ther, Thou wilt not des - pise. }
2. { Thou art good, and pure, and ho - ly; I am full of guilt and sin ;
Wash me in thy sacred fountain, Cleanse and make me pure within. }

Refrain.

All my hope, all my plea, Je - sus, Thou hast died for me.

3. 4.

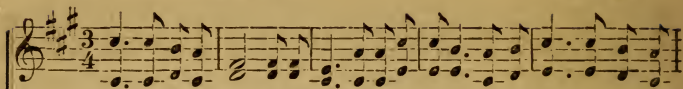
Let thy healing beams of mercy,
Drop, for me, one cheering ray,
Father, from thy gracious presence,
Cast, oh, cast me not away.
Refrain.—All my hope, &c.

Lord, forgive me, own and bless me,
I am weak, but thou art strong ;
In the path of heavenly wisdom,
Gently lead my soul along.
Refrain.—All my hope, &c.

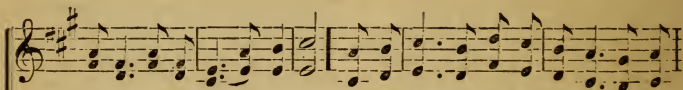
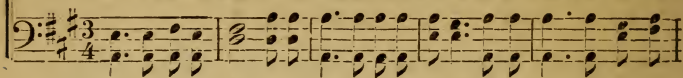
THE BETTER LAND.

From "Golden Sunbeams," by per.

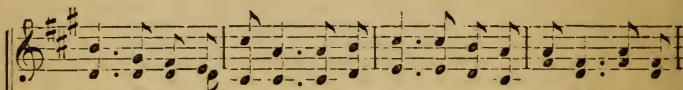
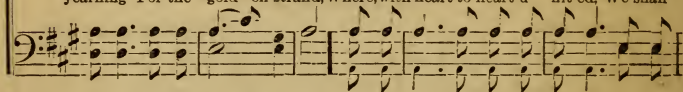
D. F. HODGES.



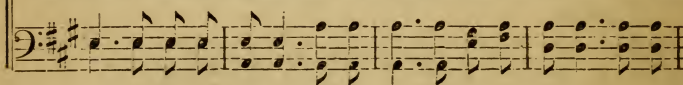
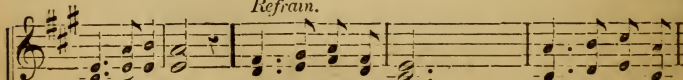
1. Hark! the choral band, With its music floating ever O'er the bright and sparkling
2. Now my brow is fanned By the breezes from the mountains, And I hear the rippling
3. But I waiting stand, And my eyes are ever turning, And my heart is ev - er



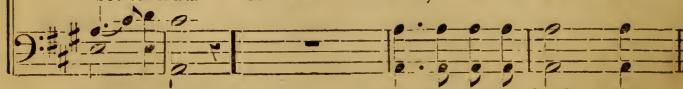
river, From the un - seen strand, Where the angels bright are winging, And the
fountains Of my na - tive strand, Well I love the rocks and towers, Warbling
yearning For the gold - en strand, Where, with heart to heart u - nit-ed, We shall



beau - ti - ful are singing, Whi'e the golden harps are ringing In the
birds and fragrant flowers Of my spirit's natal bowers, Of this
keep the vows here plighted, And the wrongs of earth be righted In the

*Refrain.*

bet-ter land.	In the better land,	In the better
earthly land.	Of this earthly land,	Of this earthly
bet-ter land.	In the better land,	In the better



In the better land, the

land, While the golden harps are ringing In the bet - ter land.
 land, Well I love the rocks and towers Of this earth - ly land.
 land, And the wrongs of earth be righted In the bet - ter land.

better land.

COURAGE! FELLOW PILGRIM.

E. A. WALKER.

J. H. T.

1. Cour - age, fellow-pilgrim, Tho' the path be rough, Je - sus is thy
 2. Cour - age! fellow-trav'ler, O - ver life's rough sea, Je - sus in the
 3. Cour - age! fellow-suff'rer, Tho' the pain be sharp, Je - sus knows its

CHO.—Cour-age! fellow pilgrim, Tho' the path be rough, Je - sus is thy

Fine.

lead-er, Is not that e - nough? Tho' the way be thorny,
 ves-sel, Pi - lot true will be; He will bid the billows
 anguish. Je - sus felt its smart, He can still its throbbing,

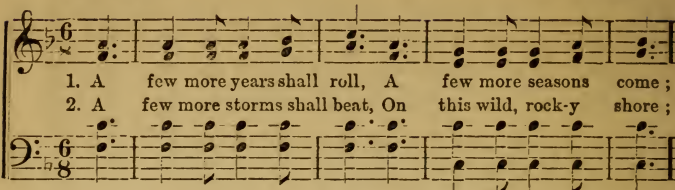
leader, Is not that e - nough?

D C. to Cho.

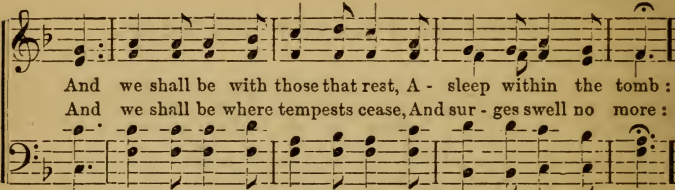
Des-o-late and drear; Je-sus will uphold thee, He is ev-er near.
 Sink in-to a calun, He will in the heavens, Shelter thee from harm.
 He can say "Depart," Strengthen thee in weakness, Animate thy heart.

DR. H. BONAR.

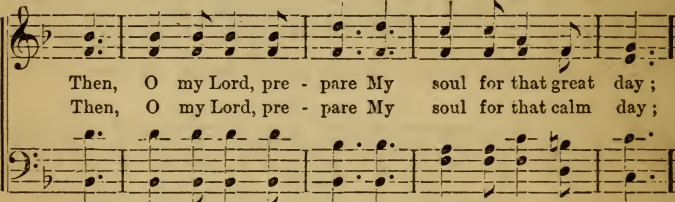
J. H. TENNEY.



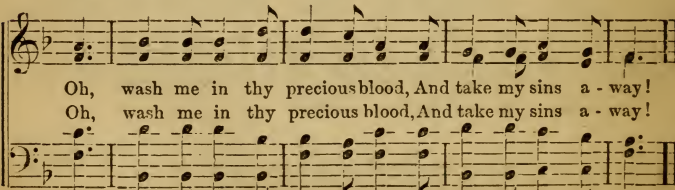
1. A few more years shall roll, A few more seasons come ;
2. A few more storms shall beat, On this wild, rock-y shore ;



And we shall be with those that rest, A - sleep within the tomb :
And we shall be where tempests cease, And sur - ges swell no more :



Then, O my Lord, pre - pare My soul for that great day ;
Then, O my Lord, pre - pare My soul for that calm day ;



Oh, wash me in thy precious blood, And take my sins a - way !
Oh, wash me in thy precious blood, And take my sins a - way !

3.

4.

A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more :
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that blest day ;
Oh, wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away !

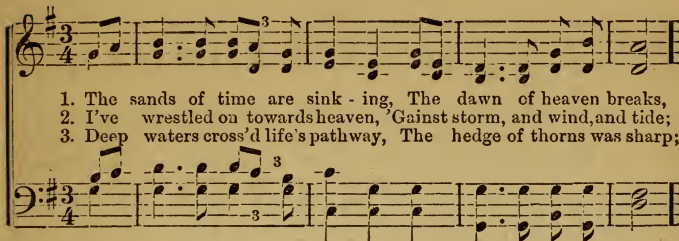
A few more Sabbaths here
Shall cheer us on our way ;
And we shall reach the endless rest,
Th' eternal Sabbath-day :
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that sweet day ;
Oh, wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away !

THE CELESTIAL COUNTRY.

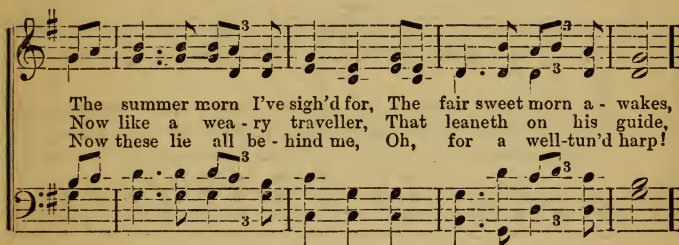
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From the "Sacred Crown." By per.

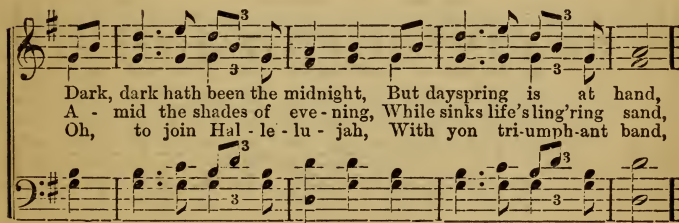
D. F. HODGES.



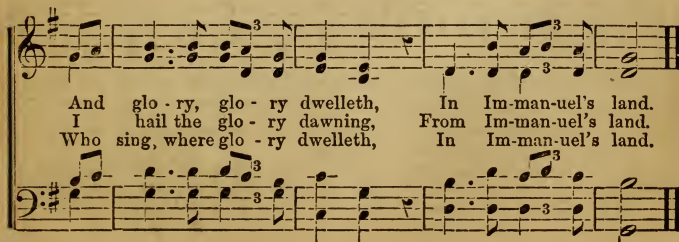
1. The sands of time are sink - ing, The dawn of heaven breaks,
 2. I've wrestled on towards heaven, 'Gainst storm, and wind, and tide;
 3. Deep waters cross'd life's pathway, The hedge of thorns was sharp;



The summer morn I've sigh'd for, The fair sweet morn a - wakes,
 Now like a wea - ry traveller, That leaneth on his guide,
 Now these lie all be - hind me, Oh, for a well-tun'd harp!



Dark, dark hath been the midnight, But dayspring is at hand,
 A - mid the shades of eve - ning, While sinks life's sling'ring sand,
 Oh, to join Hal - le - lu - jah, With yon triumph - ant band,



And glo - ry, glo - ry dwelleth, In Im-man-uel's land.
 I hail the glo - ry dawning, From Im-man-uel's land.
 Who sing, where glo - ry dwelleth, In Im-man-uel's land.

I AM WAITING BY THE RIVER.

W. O. CUSHING.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. I am wait-ing by the riv - er, And my heart has waited long;
 2. Far a - way beyond the shad-ow, Of this wea-ry vale of tears;
 3. They are launching on the riv - er, From the calm and quiet shore,

Now I think I hear the cho - rus Of the an - gel's welcome song.
 There the tide of bliss is sweeping Thro' the bright and changeless years.
 And they soon will bear my spir - it Where the wea-ry sigh no more.

O, I see the dawn is breaking On the hill-tops of the blest,
 O, I long to be with Je - sus, In the mansions of the blest,
 For the tide is swift-ly flow - ing, And I long to greet the blest,

“Where the wicked cease from troubling, And the wea-ry are at rest.”
 “Where the wicked cease from troubling, And the wea-ry are at rest.”
 “Where the wicked cease from troubling, And the wea-ry are at rest.”

CLING CLOSE TO THE ROCK.

15

REV. ALFRED TAYLOR.

From "Sabbath Songs," by per.

L. MARSHALL.

1. Cling close to the Rock, brother, danger is near; Cling close to thy
 2. Cling close to the Rock, brother, closely to - day, Ere waves of temp-
 3. Cling close to the Rock, brother, close to the Rock, Tho' tempests may

Saviour, and doubt not nor fear, For Jesus will hold thee, Almighty to
 tation shall sweep thee away, Cling close to the Rock, in the time of thy
 rage, and tho' billows may shock; For Jesus, thy Saviour, thy Refuge, thy

Chorus.

save, Thy Jesus, who triumph'd o'er death and the grave. Cling close to the
 grief, For Je - sus brings speedy and precious re-lief.
 Friend, In mer - cy hath lov'd thee, and loves to the end.

Rock, Tho' the tempests may shock; Assured of salvation, In Jesus, the Rock.

From the "Emerald," by per.

C. C. CONVERSE.

mf Boldly.

1. Stand up for Jesus! let not pride Keep thee away from him who died To
 2. Stand up for Jesus! let not fear Cause thee to shrink when danger's near; Je-
 3. Stand up for Jesus! let not shame Make thee deny his blessed name; The

save thy soul; but to the fight Go forth in the great Captain's might.
 hovah's arm will thee uphold, His grace can make the faint heart bold.
 on - ly name that God has giv'n, By which lost men may en-ter heaven.

ff Chorus.

Stand up for Jesus! yea, stand fast! Conquer or die—the conflict past,

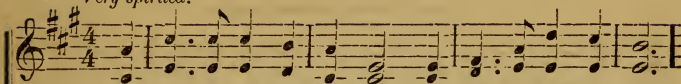
Him that o'ercometh he will own, And place the victor near his throne.

STAND UP FOR JESUS ALWAYS.

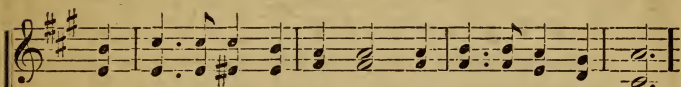
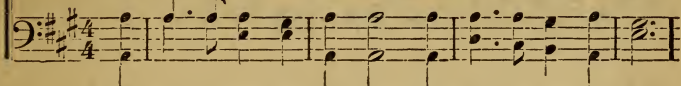
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J. H. TENNEY.

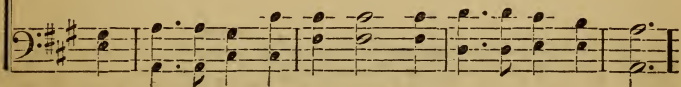
Very spirited.



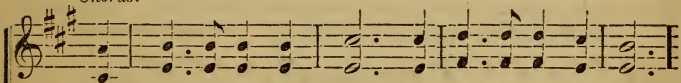
1. Stand up for Je - sus al - ways, Thro' good report and ill ;
2. Stand up for Je - sus al - ways, In ev' - ry walk of life ;
3. Stand up for Je - sus al - ways, Nor long the strife will be ;
4. Stand up for Je - sus al - ways, And soon at his right hand,



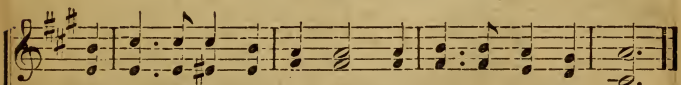
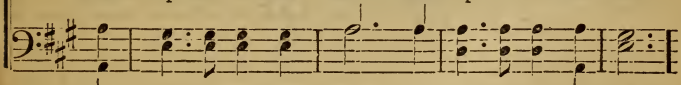
Tho' wick - ed men may scorn thee, Stand up for Je - sus still.
 For he who bids thee con - quer, Is with thee in the strife.
 Laid up in yon - der heav - en, There waits a crown for thee,
 Thou shalt with all his cho - sen, Triumph - ant take thy stand.



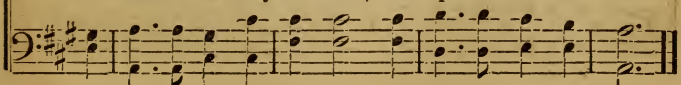
Chorus.



Stand up for Je - sus still : Stand up for Je - sus still.



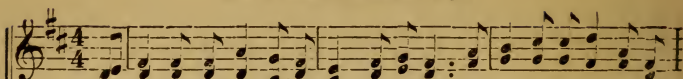
Tho' wick - ed men may scorn thee, Stand up for Je - sus still.



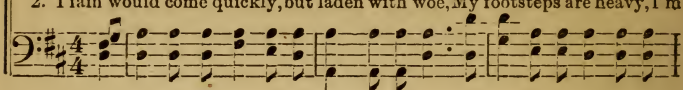
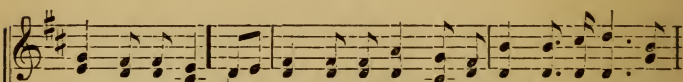
MRS. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

J. H. TENNEY.

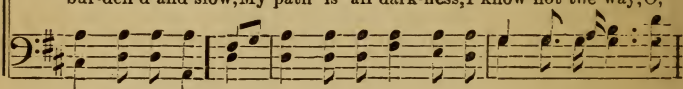
From "Golden Sunbeams," by per.



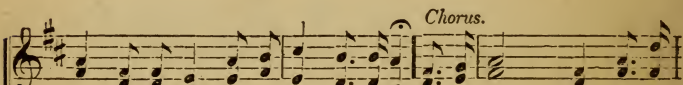
1. O, may I bring Je-sus my sorrow and care? Say, will he take pity my
 2. I fain would come quickly, but laden with woe, My footsteps are heavy, I'm

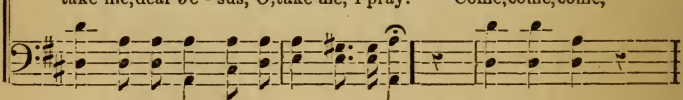
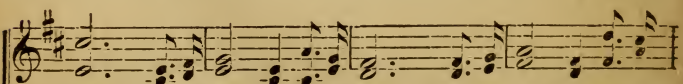
bur-dens to bear? My sin lies so heav-y, my courage so faint, Where,
 bur-den'd and slow, My path is all dark-ness, I know not the way, O,



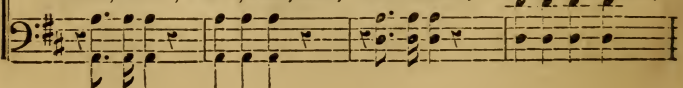
Chorus.



where shall I turn me, where lodge my complaint? Come to Je - sus, come, be -
 take me, dear Je - sus, O, take me, I pray. Come, come, come,

lieve, He will pit - y, He'll relieve, Come, and welcome, sin-ner
 come, believe, Come, come, come, He'll relieve, Come, and welcome,



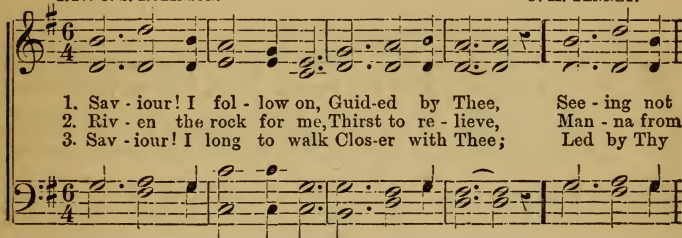


come, Come, and wel - come, sin - ner, come.
welcome, sinner, come, Come and welcome, welcome, welcome, sinner, come.

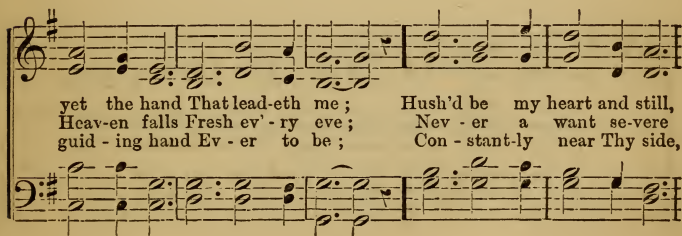
FAITH. 6s & 4s.

REV. C. S. ROBINSON.

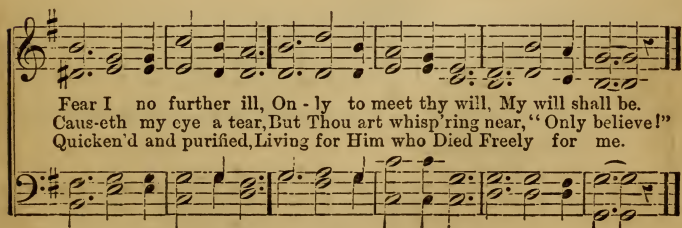
J. H. TENNEY.



1. Sav - iour! I fol - low on, Guid-ed by Thee, See - ing not
2. Riv - en the rock for me, Thirst to re - lieve, Man - na from
3. Sav - iour! I long to walk Clos-er with Thee; Led by Thy



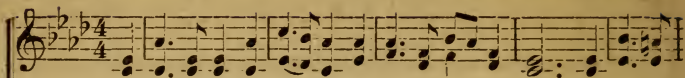
yet the hand That lead-eth me; Hush'd be my heart and still,
Heav-en falls Fresh ev'-ry eve; Nev - er a want se-vere
guid - ing hand Ev - er to be; Con - stant-ly near Thy side,



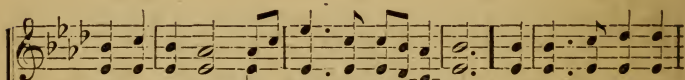
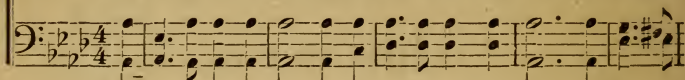
Fear I no further ill, On - ly to meet thy will, My will shall be.
Caus-eth my eye a tear, But Thou art whisp'ring near, "Only believe!"
Quick'en'd and purified, Living for Him who Died Freely for me.

KATE HANKEY.

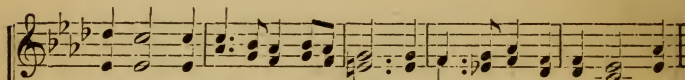
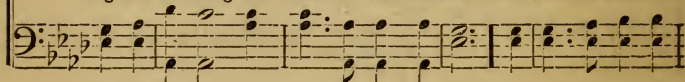
WM. G. FISCHER, by per.



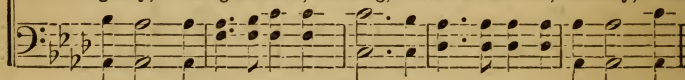
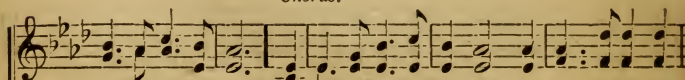
1. I love to tell the sto-ry Of unseen things above, Of Je-sus
2. I love to tell the sto-ry : More wonderful it seems Than all the
3. I love to tell the sto-ry; For those who know it best Seem hunger-



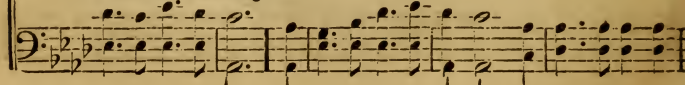
and his glo-ry, Of Je - sus and his love, I love to tell the
gold-en fan-cies Of all our gold-en dreams. I love to tell the
ing and thirsting To hear it like the rest. And when in scenes of



sto-ry Because I know 'tis true ; It sat - is-fies my longings As
sto-ry It did so much for me ! And that is just the reason I
glo-ry, I sing the new, new song, 'Twill be—the old, old story, That

*Chorus.*

nothing else can do. I love to tell the story, 'Twill be my theme in
tell it now to thee.
I have lov'd so long.



glo - ry, To tell the old, old sto-ry, Of Je - sus and his love.

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

From "Golden Sunbeams," by per,

1. "Near - er, my God, to thee:" Hear thou my pray'r; E'en tho' a
 2. If, where they led my Lord, I too am borne, Plant - ing my
 3. And when thou, Lord, once more Glorious shalt come, Oh! for a

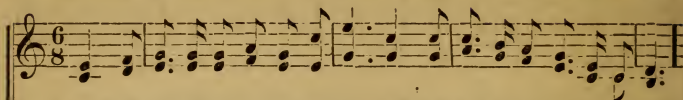
heav - y cross Faint-ing I bear; Still all my pray'r shall be,
 steps in His, Wea - ry and worn; May the path car - ry me
 dwell - ing place, In thy bright home! Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty,

Near - er, my God, to thee: Nearer, my God, to thee; Nearer to thee!
 Near - er, my God, to thee; Nearer, my God, to thee; Nearer to thee!
 Near - er, my God, to thee; Nearer, my God, to thee; Nearer to thee!

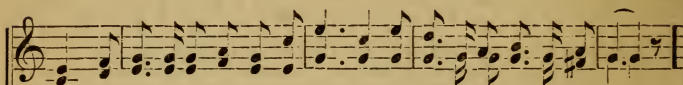
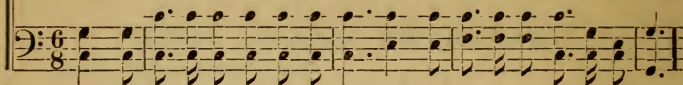
THERE'S ROOM FOR ALL.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD. From "The Tonart," by per.

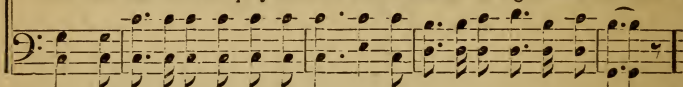
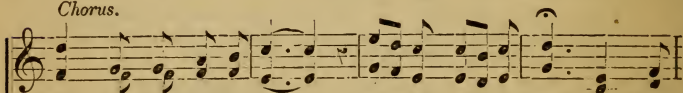
E. ROBERTS.



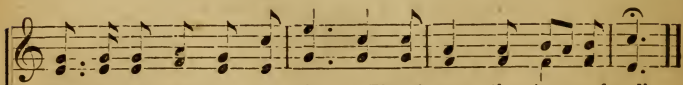
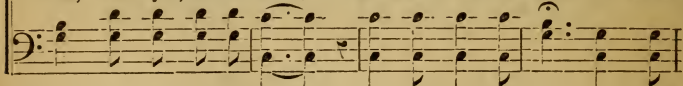
1. In those beautiful mansions of glo-ry, Whose wonders I'm longing to see,
2. Oh, I fear I shall never be worthy Such holy communion to share;
3. Oh, I'm glad, yes, I'm glad that a Saviour, To perishing sinners was given;



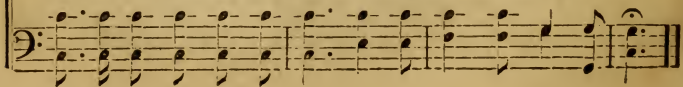
There's a room and a place that is waiting, Oh! yes, that is waiting for me.
 But I'll pray ev'ry day to my Father, 'To fit me to dwell with Him there.
 For His love and His pity secured me A share in the glories of Heaven.

*Chorus.*

Yes, Oh! yes, there is room, Room for all in heaven: In those

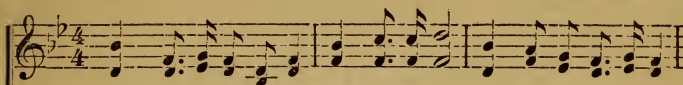


beau-ti - ful mansions of glo - ry, There's room, there's room for all.

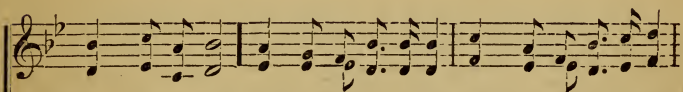
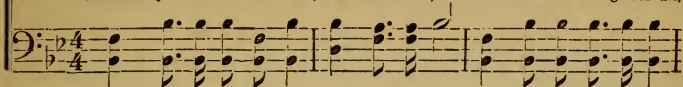


HARK! 'TIS THE WATCHMAN'S CRY. 23

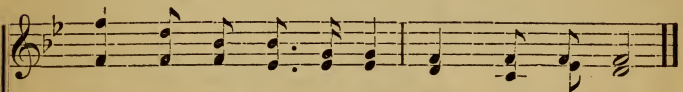
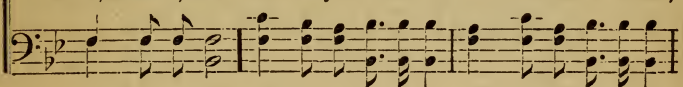
O. W. PILLSBURY.



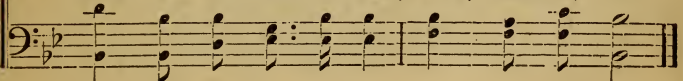
1. Hark! 'tis the watchman's cry, Wake, brethren, wake! Jesus, our Lord, is nigh,
2. Call to each working band, Watch, brethren, watch! Clear is our Lord's command,
3. Heed ye the steward's call, Work! brethren, work! There's work enough for all,



Wake, brethren, wake! Sleep is for sons of night, Children are ye of light;
Watch, brethren, watch! Be ye as men that wait All at the Master's gate;
Work, brethren, work! The vineyard of the Lord Fresh labor will afford,



Yours is the glo - ry bright; Wake, brethren, wake.
E'en tho' he tar - ry late, Watch, brethren, watch!
Yours is a sure re - ward, Work, brethren, work.



TUNE,—“ There's room for all,” page 22.

4. 'Tis the thought that sustains me in trial,
And comforts when burdened with care,—
There is rest and a refuge in heaven,
And oh! there is room for me there.—CHO.
5. Not a sigh nor a groan shall escape us,
No tear-drops of sorrow shall fall;
There's a peace and a joy that's eternal,
In heav'n—and there's room for us all.—CHO.

A. E. C.

J. H. TENNEY.

The first staff of music is in treble clef, 6/8 time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It begins with a quarter rest, followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, mostly beamed in pairs, creating a rhythmic melody. The staff concludes with a double bar line.

1. Yes, we shall meet beyond the flood, In robes made white thro' Jesus' blood,
2. I care not now what ills may come, Since hope sustains this tho't of home.


The first system of the musical score for 'The Bird Song' is written on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody begins with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4-B4, C5-B4-A4, and G4. The next measure contains eighth notes G4-A4, B4-A4, and G4, followed by a quarter note F#4. The third measure consists of eighth notes F#4-G4, A4-G4, and F#4, followed by a quarter note E4. The fourth measure has eighth notes E4-F#4, G4-F#4, and E4, followed by a quarter note D4. The fifth measure contains eighth notes D4-E4, F#4-E4, and D4, followed by a quarter note C4. The sixth measure has eighth notes C4-D4, E4-C4, and D4, followed by a quarter note B3. The seventh measure consists of eighth notes B3-C4, D4-B3, and C4, followed by a quarter note A3. The eighth measure has eighth notes A3-B3, C4-A3, and B3, followed by a quarter note G3. The ninth measure contains eighth notes G3-A3, B3-G3, and A3, followed by a quarter note F#3. The tenth measure has eighth notes F#3-G3, A3-F#3, and G3, followed by a quarter note E3. The eleventh measure consists of eighth notes E3-F#3, G3-E3, and F#3, followed by a quarter note D3. The twelfth measure has eighth notes D3-E3, F#3-D3, and E3, followed by a quarter note C3. The thirteenth measure contains eighth notes C3-D3, E3-C3, and D3, followed by a quarter note B2. The fourteenth measure has eighth notes B2-C3, D3-B2, and C3, followed by a quarter note A2. The fifteenth measure consists of eighth notes A2-B2, C3-A2, and B2, followed by a quarter note G2. The sixteenth measure has eighth notes G2-A2, B2-G2, and A2, followed by a quarter note F#2. The seventeenth measure contains eighth notes F#2-G2, A2-F#2, and G2, followed by a quarter note E2. The eighteenth measure has eighth notes E2-F#2, G2-E2, and F#2, followed by a quarter note D2. The nineteenth measure consists of eighth notes D2-E2, F#2-D2, and E2, followed by a quarter note C2. The twentieth measure has eighth notes C2-D2, E2-C2, and D2, followed by a quarter note B1. The twenty-first measure contains eighth notes B1-C2, D2-B1, and C2, followed by a quarter note A1. The twenty-second measure has eighth notes A1-B1, C2-A1, and B1, followed by a quarter note G1. The twenty-third measure consists of eighth notes G1-A1, B1-G1, and A1, followed by a quarter note F#1. The twenty-fourth measure has eighth notes F#1-G1, A1-F#1, and G1, followed by a quarter note E1. The twenty-fifth measure contains eighth notes E1-F#1, G1-E1, and F#1, followed by a quarter note D1. The twenty-sixth measure has eighth notes D1-E1, F#1-D1, and E1, followed by a quarter note C1. The twenty-seventh measure consists of eighth notes C1-D1, E1-C1, and D1, followed by a quarter note B0. The twenty-eighth measure has eighth notes B0-C1, D1-B0, and C1, followed by a quarter note A0. The twenty-ninth measure contains eighth notes A0-B0, C1-A0, and B0, followed by a quarter note G0. The thirtieth measure has eighth notes G0-A0, B0-G0, and A0, followed by a quarter note F#0. The thirty-first measure consists of eighth notes F#0-G0, A0-F#0, and G0, followed by a quarter note E0. The thirty-second measure has eighth notes E0-F#0, G0-E0, and F#0, followed by a quarter note D0. The thirty-third measure contains eighth notes D0-E0, F#0-D0, and E0, followed by a quarter note C0. The thirty-fourth measure has eighth notes C0-D0, E0-C0, and D0, followed by a quarter note B-1. The thirty-fifth measure consists of eighth notes B-1-C0, D0-B-1, and C0, followed by a quarter note A-1. The thirty-sixth measure has eighth notes A-1-B-1, C0-A-1, and B-1, followed by a quarter note G-1. The thirty-seventh measure contains eighth notes G-1-A-1, B-1-G-1, and A-1, followed by a quarter note F#-1. The thirty-eighth measure has eighth notes F#-1-G-1, A-1-F#-1, and G-1, followed by a quarter note E-1. The thirty-ninth measure consists of eighth notes E-1-F#-1, G-1-E-1, and F#-1, followed by a quarter note D-1. The fortieth measure has eighth notes D-1-E-1, F#-1-D-1, and E-1, followed by a quarter note C-1. The forty-first measure contains eighth notes C-1-D-1, E-1-C-1, and D-1, followed by a quarter note B-2. The forty-second measure has eighth notes B-2-C-1, D-1-B-2, and C-1, followed by a quarter note A-2. The forty-third measure consists of eighth notes A-2-B-2, C-1-A-2, and B-2, followed by a quarter note G-2. The forty-fourth measure has eighth notes G-2-A-2, B-2-G-2, and A-2, followed by a quarter note F#-2. The forty-fifth measure contains eighth notes F#-2-G-2, A-2-F#-2, and G-2, followed by a quarter note E-2. The forty-sixth measure has eighth notes E-2-F#-2, G-2-E-2, and F#-2, followed by a quarter note D-2. The forty-seventh measure consists of eighth notes D-2-E-2, F#-2-D-2, and E-2, followed by a quarter note C-2. The forty-eighth measure has eighth notes C-2-D-2, E-2-C-2, and D-2, followed by a quarter note B-2. The forty-ninth measure contains eighth notes B-2-C-2, D-2-B-2, and C-2, followed by a quarter note A-2. The fiftieth measure has eighth notes A-2-B-2, C-2-A-2, and B-2, followed by a quarter note G-2. The fifty-first measure consists of eighth notes G-2-A-2, B-2-G-2, and A-2, followed by a quarter note F#-2. The fifty-second measure has eighth notes F#-2-G-2, A-2-F#-2, and G-2, followed by a quarter note E-2. The fifty-third measure contains eighth notes E-2-F#-2, G-2-E-2, and F#-2, followed by a quarter note D-2. The fifty-fourth measure has eighth notes D-2-E-2, F#-2-D-2, and E-2, followed by a quarter note C-2. The fifty-fifth measure consists of eighth notes C-2-D-2, E-2-C-2, and D-2, followed by a quarter note B-2. The fifty-sixth measure has eighth notes B-2-C-2, D-2-B-2, and C-2, followed by a quarter note A-2. The fifty-seventh measure contains eighth notes A-2-B-2, C-2-A-2, and B-2, followed by a quarter note G-2. The fifty-eighth measure has eighth notes G-2-A-2, B-2-G-2, and A-2, followed by a quarter note F#-2. The fifty-ninth measure consists of eighth notes F#-2-G-2, A-2-F#-2, and G-2, followed by a quarter note E-2. The sixtieth measure has eighth notes E-2-F#-2, G-2-E-2, and F#-2, followed by a quarter note D-2. The sixty-first measure contains eighth notes D-2-E-2, F#-2-D-2, and E-2, followed by a quarter note C-2. The sixty-second measure has eighth notes C-2-D-2, E-2-C-2, and D-2, followed by a quarter note B-2. The sixty-third measure consists of eighth notes B-2-C-2, D-2-B-2, and C-2, followed by a quarter note A-2. The sixty-fourth measure has eighth notes A-2-B-2, C-2-A-2, and B-2, followed by a quarter note G-2. The sixty-fifth measure contains eighth notes G-2-A-2, B-2-G-2, and A-2, followed by a quarter note F#-2. The sixty-sixth measure has eighth notes F#-2-G-2, A-2-F#-2, and G-2, followed by a quarter note E-2. The sixty-seventh measure consists of eighth notes E-2-F#-2, G-2-E-2, and F#-2, followed by a quarter note D-2. The sixty-eighth measure has eighth notes D-2-E-2, F#-2-D-2, and E-2, followed by a quarter note C-2. The sixty-ninth measure contains eighth notes C-2-D-2, E-2-C-2, and D-2, followed by a quarter note B-2. The seventieth measure has eighth notes B-2-C-2, D-2-B-2, and C-2, followed by a quarter note A-2. The seventy-first measure consists of eighth notes A-2-B-2, C-2-A-2, and B-2, followed by a quarter note G-2. The seventy-second measure has eighth notes G-2-A-2, B-2-G-2, and A-2, followed by a quarter note F#-2. The seventy-third measure contains eighth notes F#-2-G-2, A-2-F#-2, and G-2, followed by a quarter note E-2. The seventy-fourth measure has eighth notes E-2-F#-2, G-2-E-2, and F#-2, followed by a quarter note D-2. The seventy-fifth measure consists of eighth notes D-2-E-2, F#-2-D-2, and E-2, followed by a quarter note C-2. The seventy-sixth measure has eighth notes C-2-D-2, E-2-C-2, and D-2, followed by a quarter note B-2. The seventy-seventh measure contains eighth notes B-2-C-2, D-2-B-2, and C-2, followed by a quarter note A-2. The seventy-eighth measure has eighth notes A-2-B-2, C-2-A-2, and B-2, followed by a quarter note G-2. The seventy-ninth measure consists of eighth notes G-2-A-2, B-2-G-2, and A-2, followed by a quarter note F#-2. The eightieth measure has eighth notes F#-2-G-2, A-2-F#-2, and G-2, followed by a quarter note E-2. The eighty-first measure contains eighth notes E-2-F#-2, G-2-E-2, and F#-2, followed by a quarter note D-2. The eighty-second measure has eighth notes D-2-E-2, F#-2-D-2, and E-2, followed by a quarter note C-2. The eighty-third measure consists of eighth notes C-2-D-2, E-2-C-2, and D-2, followed by a quarter note B-2. The eighty-fourth measure has eighth notes B-2-C-2, D-2-B-2, and C-2, followed by a quarter note A-2. The eighty-fifth measure contains eighth notes A-2-B-2, C-2-A-2, and B-2, followed by a quarter note G-2. The eighty-sixth measure has eighth notes G-2-A-2, B-2-G-2, and A-2, followed by a quarter note F#-2. The eighty-seventh measure consists of eighth notes F#-2-G-2, A-2-F#-2, and G-2, followed by a quarter note E-2. The eighty-eighth measure has eighth notes E-2-F#-2, G-2-E-2, and F#-2, followed by a quarter note D-2. The eighty-ninth measure contains eighth notes D-2-E-2, F#-2-D-2, and E-2, followed by a quarter note C-2. The ninetieth measure has eighth notes C-2-D-2, E-2-C-2, and D-2, followed by a quarter note B-2. The ninety-first measure consists of eighth notes B-2-C-2, D-2-B-2, and C-2, followed by a quarter note A-2. The ninety-second measure has eighth notes A-2-B-2, C-2-A-2, and B-2, followed by a quarter note G-2. The ninety-third measure contains eighth notes G-2-A-2, B-2-G-2, and A-2, followed by a quarter note F#-2. The ninety-fourth measure has eighth notes F#-2-G-2, A-2-F#-2, and G-2, followed by a quarter note E-2. The ninety-fifth measure consists of eighth notes E-2-F#-2, G-2-E-2, and F#-2, followed by a quarter note D-2. The ninety-sixth measure has eighth notes D-2-E-2, F#-2-D-2, and E-2, followed by a quarter note C-2. The ninety-seventh measure contains eighth notes C-2-D-2, E-2-C-2, and D-2, followed by a quarter note B-2. The ninety-eighth measure has eighth notes B-2-C-2, D-2-B-2, and C-2, followed by a quarter note A-2. The ninety-ninth measure consists of eighth notes A-2-B-2, C-2-A-2, and B-2, followed by a quarter note G-2. The hundredth measure has eighth notes G-2-A-2, B-2-G-2, and A-2, followed by a quarter note F#-2. The hundred and first measure contains eighth notes F#-2-G-2, A-2-F#-2, and G-2, followed by a quarter note E-2. The hundred and second measure has eighth notes E-2-F#-2, G-2-E-2, and F#-2, followed by a quarter note D-2. The hundred and third measure consists of eighth notes D-2-E-2, F#-2-D-2, and E-2, followed by a quarter note C-2. The hundred and fourth measure has eighth notes C-2-D-2, E-2-C-2, and D-2, followed by a quarter note B-2. The hundred and fifth measure contains eighth notes B-2-C-2, D-2-B-2, and C-2, followed by a quarter note A-2. The hundred and sixth measure has eighth notes A-2-B-2, C-2-A-2, and B-2, followed by a quarter note G-2. The hundred and seventh measure consists of eighth notes G-2-A-2, B-2-G-2, and A-2, followed by a quarter note F#-2. The hundred and eighth measure has eighth notes F#-2-G-2, A-2-F#-2, and G-2, followed by a quarter note E-2. The hundred and ninth measure contains eighth notes E-2-F#-2, G-2-E-2, and F#-2, followed by a quarter note D-2. The hundred and tenth measure has eighth notes D-2-E-2, F#-2-D-2, and E-2, followed by a quarter note C-2. The hundred and eleventh measure consists of eighth notes C-2-D-2, E-2-C-2, and D-2, followed by a quarter note B-2. The hundred and twelfth measure has eighth notes B-2-C-2, D-2-B-2, and C-2, followed by a quarter note A-2. The hundred and thirteenth measure contains eighth notes A-2-B-2, C-2-A-2, and B-2, followed by a quarter note G-2. The hundred and fourteenth measure has eighth notes G-2-A-2, B-2-G-2, and A-2, followed by a quarter note F#-2. The hundred and fifteenth measure consists of eighth notes F#-2-G-2, A-2-F#-2, and G-2, followed by a quarter note E-2. The hundred and sixteenth measure has eighth notes E-2-F#-2, G-2-E-2, and F#

And hold sweet converse, free from pain, Nor ever fear to part a - gain, Be-
And spirit voices soft-ly say, "Thy God shall wipe all tears away Be-

Musical notation for the bass line of 'The Rose Tree'. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The notation consists of a single staff with a bass clef. The melody is written in a simple, folk-like style with eighth and quarter notes. The piece ends with a double bar line.

Chorus.

Chorus.



The musical notation for the chorus is written on a single staff in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody consists of the following notes: G4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), B4 (quarter), A4-G4 (beamed eighth notes), F#4 (quarter), E4 (quarter), D4 (half). This is followed by a repeat sign. The second phrase consists of: D4 (quarter), E4 (quarter), F#4 (quarter), G4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), B4 (quarter), A4-G4 (beamed eighth notes), F#4 (quarter), E4 (quarter), D4 (half). The piece ends with a double bar line.

yond the swelling flood! } Be - yond the swelling flood, Beyond the
yond the swelling flood!" } We'll meet to part no more, We'll meet to

The bass line of the song 'The Rose Tree' is written on a single staff in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some measures containing beamed sixteenth notes. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

Beyond the swelling flood, Beyond the swelling
We'll meet to part no more. &c.

The first system of musical notation for 'The Bird Song' is written on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody begins with a quarter note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and a quarter note B4. This is followed by a half note C5, then a quarter note B4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note G4. The melody continues with a quarter note F#4, a quarter note E4, and a quarter note D4. The system concludes with a quarter note C4, a quarter note B3, and a quarter note A3, ending with a double bar line.

swelling flood, Beyond the swelling flood, We'll meet to part no more.
part no more, We'll meet to part no more, Beyond the swelling flood.

A musical score for the bass line of the song 'The Rose Tree'. The notation is on a single staff with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody consists of several measures, including a final measure with a double bar line. The notes are written in a style typical of 19th-century sheet music.

flood, Beyond the swelling flood, We'll meet to part no more.

3.

That meeting, O how sweetly dear!
What sounds shall greet the list'ning ear!
What thrills of rapture wake the soul,
As back those golden gates shall roll,
Beyond the swelling flood!

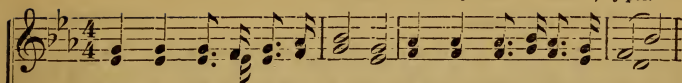
4.

Dear Saviour! guide my willing feet,
That I may have that joy complete ;
And live to praise thro' endless day
The love that dries all tears away,
Beyond the swelling flood!

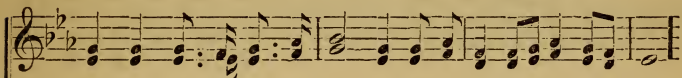
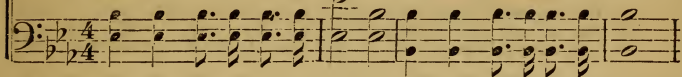
BEAUTIFUL RIVER.

25

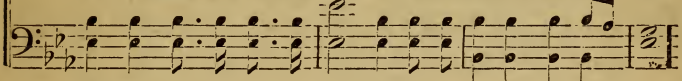
Words and Music by REV. R. LOWRY, by per.



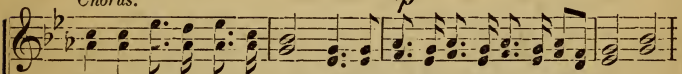
1. Shall we gather at the riv - er, Where bright angel feet have trod :
2. On the mar - gin of the riv - er, Washing up its sil - ver spray,



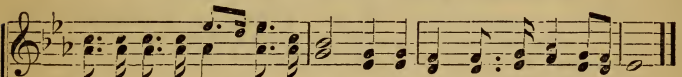
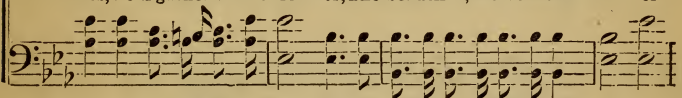
With its crys - tal tide for - ev - er Flowing by the throne of God?
We will walk and worship ev - er, All the hap - py, gold - en day.



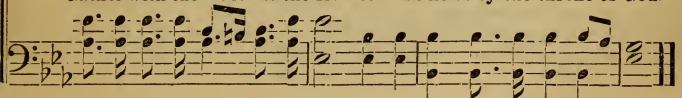
Chorus.



Yes, we'll gather at the riv - er, The beautiful, the beautiful riv - er—



Gather with the saints at the riv - er That flows by the throne of God.



3.

On the bosom of the river,
Where the Saviour-king we own,
We shall meet and sorrow never
'Neath the glory of the throne.

CHO.

4.

Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown,

CHO.

5.

At the smiling of the river,
Rippling with the Saviour's face,
Saints, whom death will never sever,
Lift their songs of saving grace.

CHO.

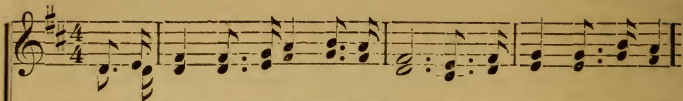
6.

Soon we'll reach the shining river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease ;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.

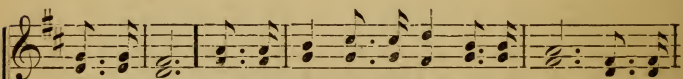
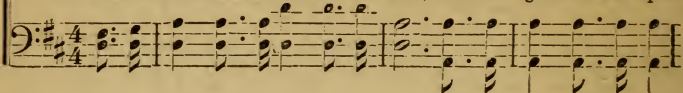
CHO.

Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

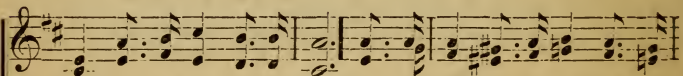
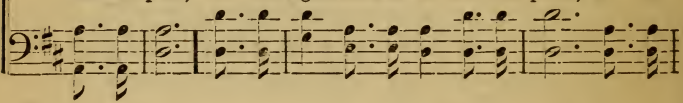
J. H. TENNEY.



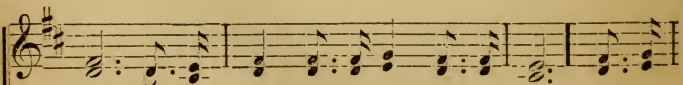
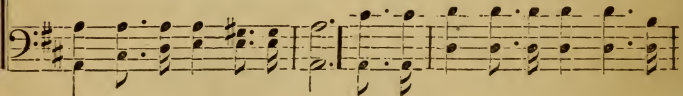
1. We are walk-ing by faith, not by sight, O'er a wild and a dark
2. We are oft - en in tears as we go, For our i - dols are brok-
3. With our burdens all laid at his feet, And our garments so spot-



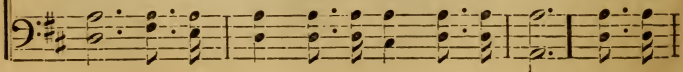
thorn-y road, Here and there just a glim-mer of light, Yet it
en, and lost, 'Tis in vain that we seek them be - low, For our
less and pure, In his righteous ness we are com-plete; If in

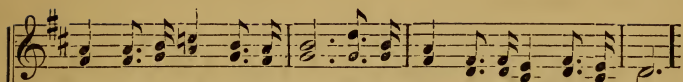


leads to our home, and to God; To our home, in the realms of the
hopes will most surely be cross'd; Then we'll welcome the toil, and the
Je - sus sal - va - tion is sure; Then our tri - als for - ev - er shall



blest: To the man-sions pre-par - ing on high; With the
pain, Since our Je - sus consent - ed to die, Now with
cease, And our Fa - ther shall wipe eve - ry eye, Ev' - ry

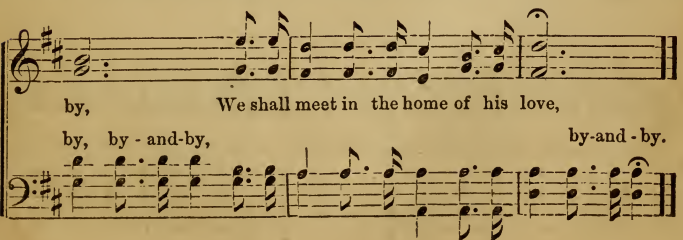
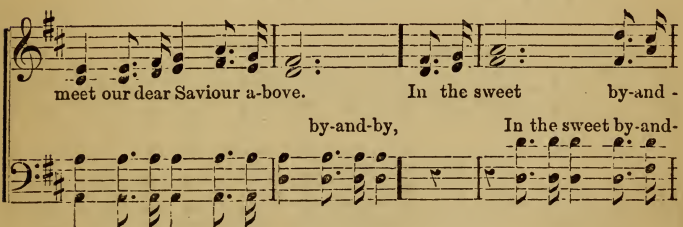
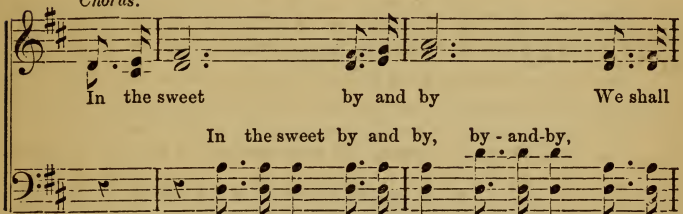




an-gels, and saints gone to rest, We shall meet in the sweet by-and-by.
 him we shall live yet a-gain, When we meet in the sweet by-and-by.
 heart shall be fill'd with his peace, When we meet in the sweet by-and-by.



Chorus.



MRS. ANNIE WITTENMYER.

WM. G. FISCHER, by per.

1. All glo - ry to Je - sus be giv'n, That life and sal - va - tion are free ;
 2. From the darkness of sin and despair, Out in - to the light of his love,
 3. Oh, the rapturous heights of his love, The measureless depths of his grace;
 4. In him all my wants are supplied, His love makes my heaven below,

And all may be wash'd and forgiv'n, And Jesus can save e - ven me.
 He has bro't me and made me an heir, To kingdoms and mansions above.
 My soul all his fulness would prove, And live in his loving em - brace.
 And freely his blood is applied, His blood that makes whiter than snow.

Chorus. migh - ty to save,

Yes, Je - sus is migh - ty, is migh - ty to save, And

may know

all his sal - va - tion, sal - va - tion may know, On his bosom I lean, And his

blood makes me clean, For his blood can wash whiter than snow.

This musical score is for the song 'Jesus is mighty to save'. It features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The bass staff has a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a common time signature. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

HE CALLETH THEE.

GRACE WEBSTER HINSDALE. From "Golden Sunbeams," by per. D. F. HODGES.

1. Go and tell Je - sus all thy sin, Try not to hide thy shame within;
2. Go and tell Je - sus thou art lost; Think of the price thy ransom cost;
3. How canst thou doubt thy waiting Lord? Where is thy faith in Jesus' word?

This musical score is for the song 'He calleth thee'. It features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a time signature of 9/8. The bass staff has a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a time signature of 9/8. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Go and tell Je - sus all thy fears, Trust thou his love, he knows thy tears!
Think of his cross, think of his prayer, Hear his kind voice, do not despair.
O, cease to wound that loving breast, Where all thy hopes of life must rest.

This musical score is for the song 'He calleth thee'. It features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a time signature of 9/8. The bass staff has a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a time signature of 9/8. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Refrain.

He call - eth thee he call - eth thee "Rise to thy feet and follow me."

This musical score is for the refrain of the song 'He calleth thee'. It features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a time signature of 2/4. The bass staff has a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a time signature of 2/4. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

From "Golden Sunbeams," by per.

1. There is a spot to me more dear Than native vale or mountain; A
 2. Hard was my toil to reach the shore, Long toss'd upon the o - cean; A-

spot for which affection's tear Springs from its grateful fountain:
 - bove me was the thunder's roar, Beneath, the waves' com - mo - tion;

'Tis not where kindred souls abound, Tho' that is almost heav-en, But
 Dark-ly the pall of night was thrown Around me, faint with terror; In

where I first my Saviour found, And felt my sins for - giv - en.
 that dark hour how did my groan Ascend for years of er - ror.

3.
 Sinking and panting for my breath,
 I knew not help was near me:
 And cried, O save me, Lord, from death,
 Immortal Jesus, hear me!
 Then quick as thought, I felt him mine,
 My Saviour stood before me,
 I saw his brightness round me shine,
 And shouted, Glory! Glory!

4.
 O sacred hour! O hallow'd spot!
 Where love divine first found me;
 Wherever falls my distant lot,
 My heart shall linger round thee.
 And when from earth I rise to soar
 Up to my home in heaven,
 Down will I cast my eyes once more,
 Where I was first forgiven.

LENA E. BROOKINGS.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Go to Je - sus with thy sorrows; He thy burden'd soul will ease;
2. Go to Je - sus with thy trials, Tell him all thy cares and woes;

He will give thy troubled conscience A sweet sense of pard'ning peace.
He has promised, if we ask him, He will give us sweet re-pose.

Chorus.

Go to Jesus, Go to Je-sus, Lean up - on his lov-ing breast;

Go to Jesus, Go to Jesus, He will give thy spirit rest.

3.

Go to Jesus when thy burdens
Are too hard for thee to bear;
Tell him all thy cares and sorrows,
He will lend a list'ning ear.

4.

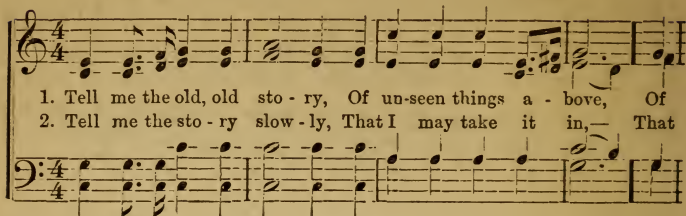
Go to Jesus when death's shadows
Quickly gather round thy way;
Ask of him to guide thy footsteps
To the realms of endless day.

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

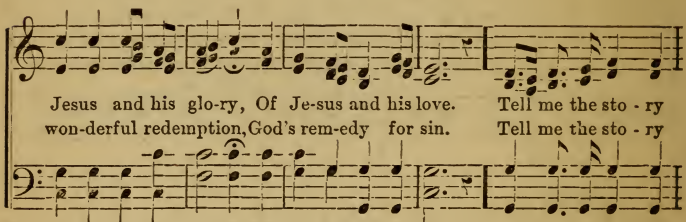
KATE HANKEY.

W. H. DOANE.

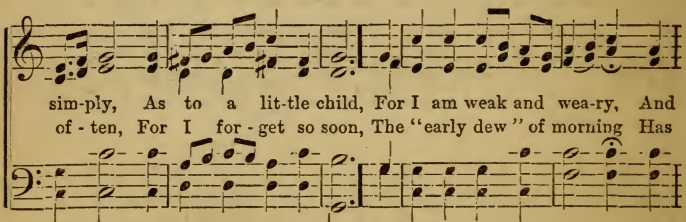
From "Silver Spray." By per. of J. CHURCH & Co.



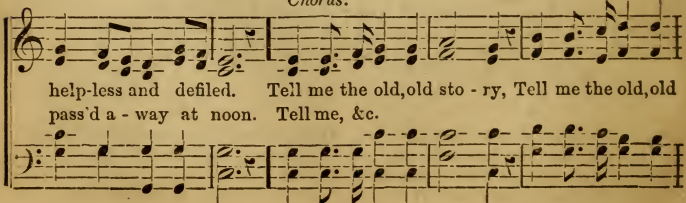
1. Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Of un - seen things a - bove, Of
2. Tell me the sto - ry slow - ly, That I may take it in, — That



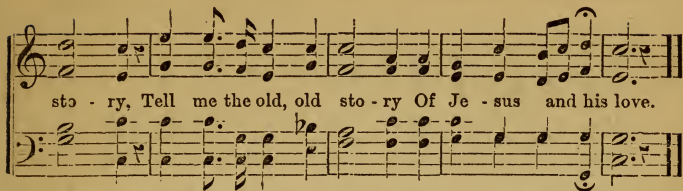
Jesus and his glo - ry, Of Je - sus and his love. Tell me the sto - ry
won - derful redemption, God's rem - edy for sin. Tell me the sto - ry



sim - ply, As to a lit - tle child, For I am weak and wea - ry, And
of - ten, For I for - get so soon, The "early dew" of morning Has

Chorus.


help - less and de - filed. Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Tell me the old, old
pass'd a - way at noon. Tell me, &c.



3.

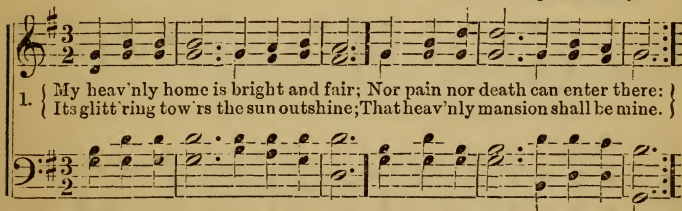
Tell me the story softly,
 With earnest tones, and grave;
 Remember! I'm the sinner
 Whom Jesus came to save.
 Tell me that story always,
 If you would really be,
 In any time of trouble,
 A comforter to me.

4.

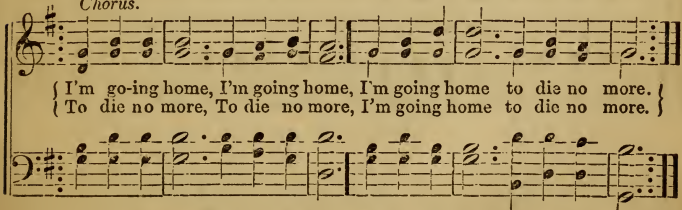
Tell me the same old story,
 When you have cause to fear
 That this world's empty glory
 Is costing me too dear.
 Yes, and when that world's glory
 Is drawing on my soul,
 Tell me the old, old story:
 "Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

GOING HOME.

Popular Melody.



Chorus.



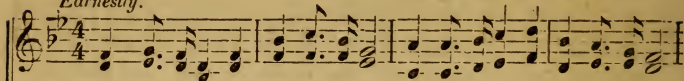
2. My Father's house is built on high,
 Far, far above the starry sky;
 When from this earthly prison free,
 That heavenly mansion mine shall be.—CHO.

3. Let others seek a home below,
 Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow;
 Be mine a happier lot to own,
 A heavenly mansion near the throne.—CHO.

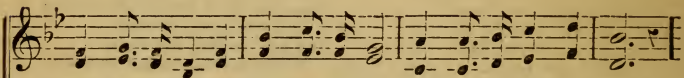
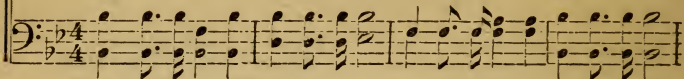
COME TO THE SAVIOUR.

From the "Prize," by permission of J. CHURCH & Co.

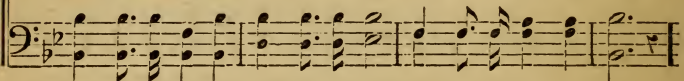
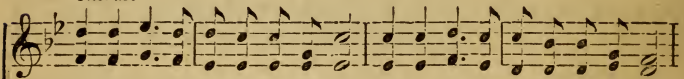
Words and Music by GEO. F. ROOT.

Earnestly.

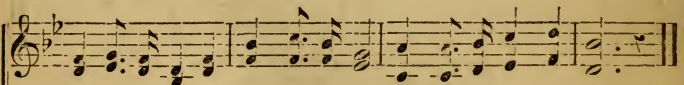
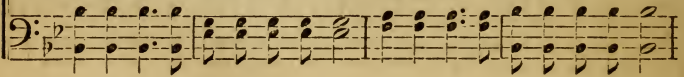
1. Come to the Saviour, make no de-lay; Here in His word He's shown us the way;
2. Come to the Saviour, oh, hear his voice; Let eve-ry heart leap forth and rejoice,
3. Think once a-gain He's with us to-day; Heed now His blest commands and obey;



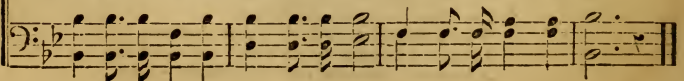
Here in our midst He's standing to-day. Ten-der-ly say-ing, "Come!"
 And let us freely make Him our choice; Do not de-lay, but come.
 Hear now His accents ten-der-ly say, "Will you, my children, Come?"

*Chorus.*

Joyful, joyful, will the meeting be, When from sin our hearts are pure and free:



And we shall gather, Saviour, with thee, In our e-ter-nal home.



"And they crucified him."—MARK XV. 25.

J. H. TENNEY.

With deep feeling.

1. The gen - tle, ho - ly Je - sus, Without a spot or stain, By
2. His hands and feet are pierc - ed ; He can - not hide his face ; And
3. For you and me he suffered : 'Twas for our sins he died ; And

wick - ed hands was ta - ken, And cru - ci - fied and slain.
cru - el men stand gaz - ing, In crowds a - bout the place.
not for our sins on - ly, But all the world's be - side !

Chorus.

Look, look,—if you can bear it, Look at your dy - ing Lord ! Stand

near the cross, and watch Him ; 'Behold the Lamb of God !'

4.

5.

And now the work is "finished,"
The sinner's debt is paid,
Because on Christ the righteous,
The sin of all was laid.

Ah wonderful redemption !
God's remedy for sin :
The door of heaven is open,
And you may enter in.

DR. T. C. UPHAM.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. O Father, let me bear the cross; Make it my dai - ly food,
 2. Take house and lands and earthly fame; To all I am re - signed;
 3. I know it costs me many tears, But they are tears of bliss,

Though with it thou dost send the loss Of eve - ry earthly good.
 But let me make one earnest claim; Leave, leave the cross be - hind.
 And moments there outweigh the years Of sel - fish hap - pi - ness.

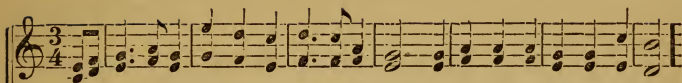
I am clinging, I am clinging, Yes, I'm clinging to the cross,
Chorus.

I am clinging to the cross, I am clinging to the cross, Yes, I'm clinging, clinging to the cross;

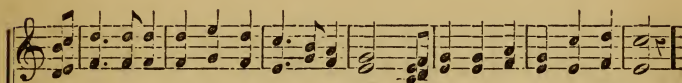
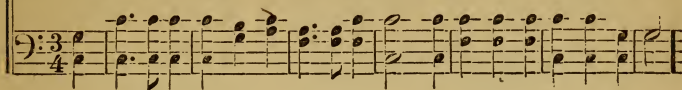
I am clinging, I am clinging, Yes, I'm clinging to the cross.

I am clinging to the cross, I am clinging to the cross, Yes, I'm clinging to the cross,

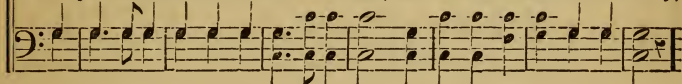
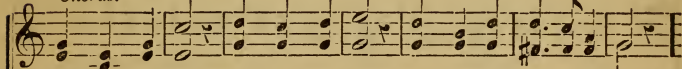
J. H. TENNEY.



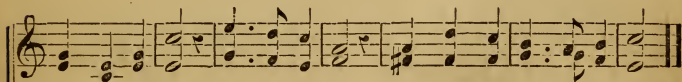
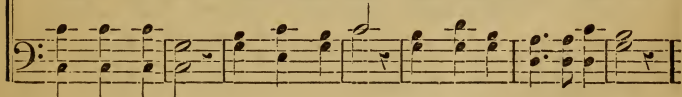
1. O when shall I dwell in a mansion all bright, And Jesus my Saviour behold?
2. No pearl from the ocean, or gold from the mine, Can pardon or purity buy;
3. But while I'm a stranger, a - way from my home, I'll toil in the vineyard and pray;



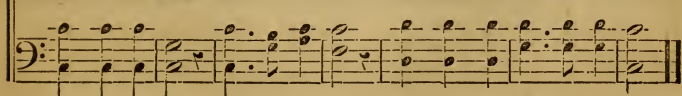
Or walk by his side like an angel of light, In a city all garnish'd with gold?
 I'll trust in the blood of a Saviour divine, And cling to the cross till I die.
 I'll carry the cross while I think of the crown, And watch for the break of the day,

*Chorus.*

Home of the blest! Home of the blest! When wilt thou ever be mine?



Home of the blest! Home of the blest! Soon shall thou ev - er be mine.

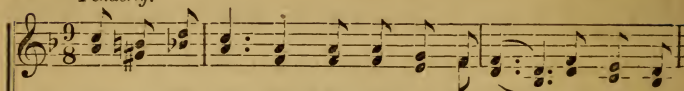


COME TO ME, SAVIOUR.

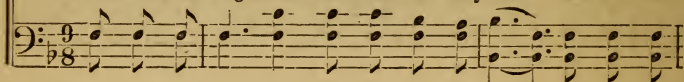

From "The Pearl," by per. of S. BRAINARD'S SONS, Cleveland, O.

M. P. A. CROZIER.

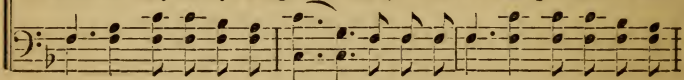
FRANK M. DAVIS.

Tenderly.


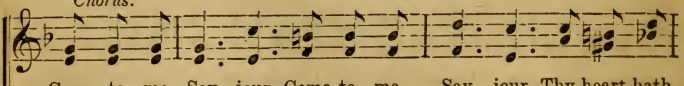
1. Come to me, Sav - iour, come, now in my grief; Thy ten - der
 2. Come to me, Sav - iour, for dark is the night; Vain - ly I
 3. Come with the brightness that beams in Thy face: Come with the

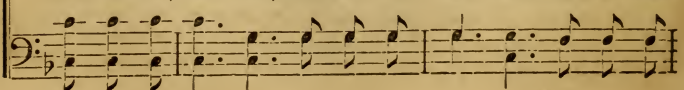
presence is sweetest re - lief; Thy heart hath known all the anguish I
 seek for some star's feeble light; O - pen my eyes to be - hold at my
 smiles of Thy mercy and grace; Come, and with footsteps as silent and




feel, Thy love a - lone all that an - guish can heal.
 side, Je - sus my Sav - iour my God and my Guide.
 fleet, Morning shall come with Thy beau - ti - ful feet.


Chorus.


Come to me, Sav - iour, Come to me, Sav - iour, Thy heart hath



known all the an-guish I feel; Come to me, Sav-iour,

Come to me, Sav-iour, Thy love a-lone all that anguish can heal.

MIDST SORROW AND CARE.

1. Midst sor-row and care, There's one that is

near, And ev-er de-lights to re-lieve us.

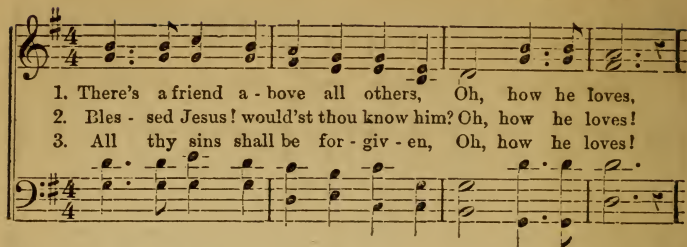
2.

'Tis Jesus, our friend,
On whom we depend,
For life and all its rich blessings.

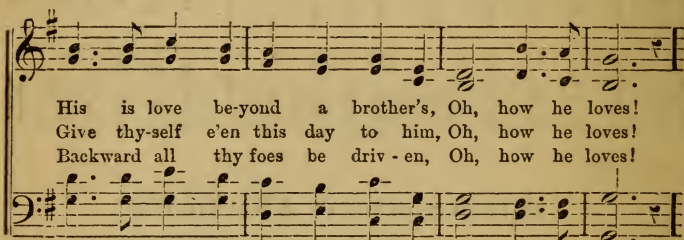
3.

When trouble assails,
His love never fails,
He meets us with rich consolation.

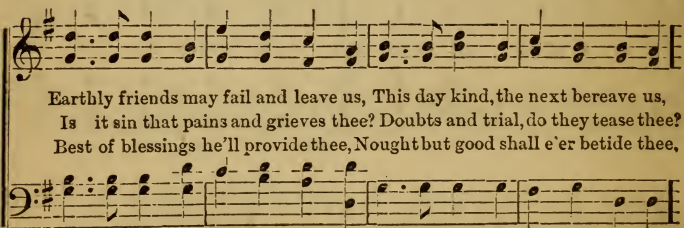
E. ROBERTS, by per.



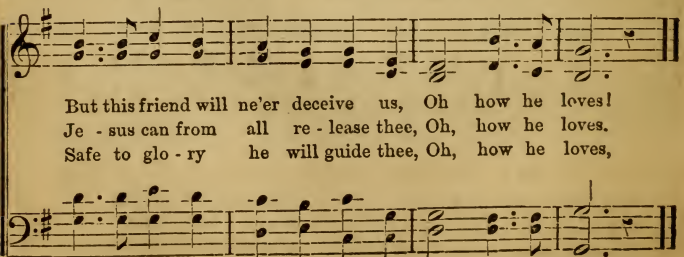
1. There's a friend a - bove all others, Oh, how he loves,
 2. Bles - sed Jesus! would'st thou know him? Oh, how he loves!
 3. All thy sins shall be for - giv - en, Oh, how he loves!



His is love be - yond a brother's, Oh, how he loves!
 Give thy-self e'en this day to him, Oh, how he loves!
 Backward all thy foes be driv - en, Oh, how he loves!



Earthly friends may fail and leave us, This day kind, the next bereave us,
 Is it sin that pains and grieves thee? Doubts and trial, do they tease thee?
 Best of blessings he'll provide thee, Nought but good shall e'er betide thee,



But this friend will ne'er deceive us, Oh how he loves!
 Je - sus can from all re - lease thee, Oh, how he loves.
 Safe to glo - ry he will guide thee, Oh, how he loves,

OVER THERE.

41

From "Golden Sunbeams," by per.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. There's a band of an-gel watchers, Just a-cross the foaming tide,—
2. Wait - ing there with smiling faces, In their robes of spotless white;

O - ver by the dark cold wa - ters, Waiting on the oth-er side,
While far out upon the riv - er, Comes to us a gleam of light.

Chorus.
Hark! there's music on the wa - ters, Borne a - long the balmy air,

An - gel voices ringing, ring - ing, "Over there, just over there!"

3.

O'er our earthly homes are gathered,
Many a shadow, many a gloom,
For the loved ones who are sleeping,
In the silence of the tomb.

4.

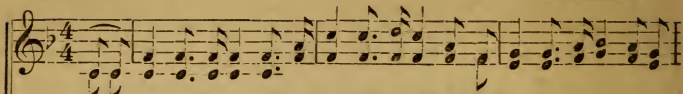
But these scenes will soon be over :
Soon we'll join the angel band;
Soon we'll clasp the forms that bind us,
To the unseen spirit land.

AFTER TOIL COMETH REST.

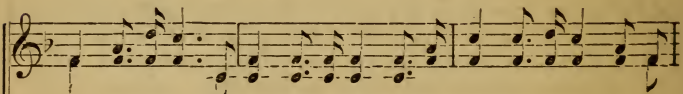
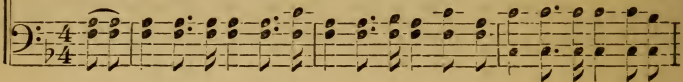
From "Pure Diamonds," by per. of S. BRAINARD'S SONS. CLEVELAND, O.

A. H. A.

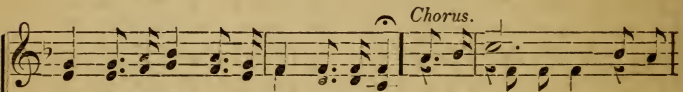
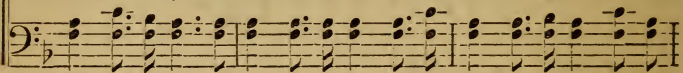
J. R. MURRAY.



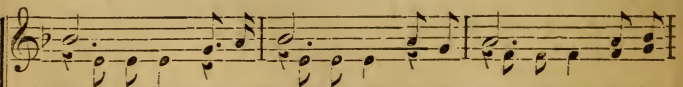
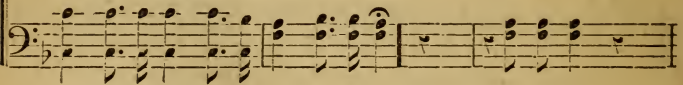
1. I know there are homes up above for the weary, Where sorrow and sighing for -
 2. I know there is rest, but a-while as we journey, A - long thro' this valley of



- ev - er are o'er; I know there are mansions of rest for the faithful,
 shadows and tears, There's something to do; yes, we each have our mission, The



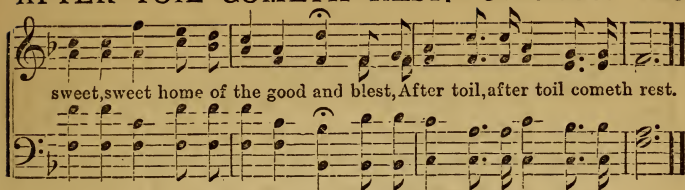
Waiting for us on the Beautiful Shore. After toil, after toil, cometh
 fainting to raise, and the lonely to cheer.



rest, cometh rest, af-ter toil, after toil, cometh rest, cometh rest, In the



AFTER TOIL COMETH REST. Concluded. 43



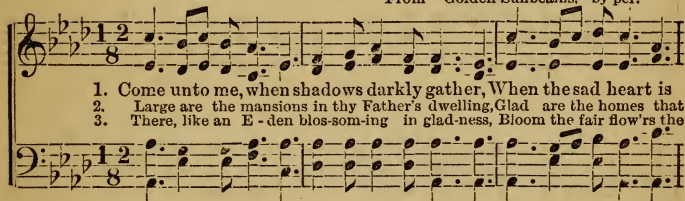
sweet, sweet home of the good and blest, After toil, after toil cometh rest.

3. Let us make them to feel that this earth's not all sadness,
That dark clouds have linings of silver and gold,
And point them to Jesus, their loving Redeemer,
Whose love and affection can never be told.
CHO.—After toil, &c.

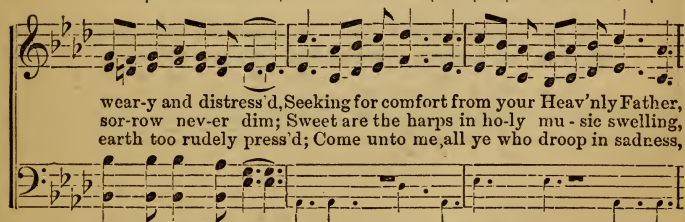
4. Then let us not linger in sighs, and grow weary,
Remember the rest that is waiting above,
For those who have finished their mission, believing,
That Jesus was leading them home by his love.
CHO.—After toil, &c.

COME UNTO ME.

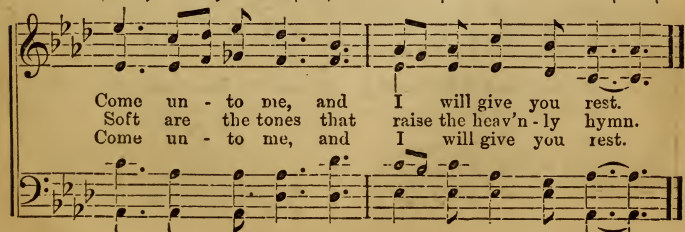
From "Golden Sunbeams," by per.



1. Come unto me, when shadows darkly gather, When the sad heart is
2. Large are the mansions in thy Father's dwelling, Glad are the homes that
3. There, like an Eden blossom-ing in glad-ness, Bloom the fair flow'rs the



wear-y and distress'd, Seeking for comfort from your Heav'nly Father,
sor-row nev-er dim; Sweet are the harps in ho-ly mu-sic swelling,
earth too rudely press'd; Come unto me, all ye who droop in sadness,



Come un - to me, and	I will give you rest.
Soft are the tones that	raise the heav'n - ly hymn.
Come un - to me, and	I will give you rest.

REV. R. LOWRY, by per.

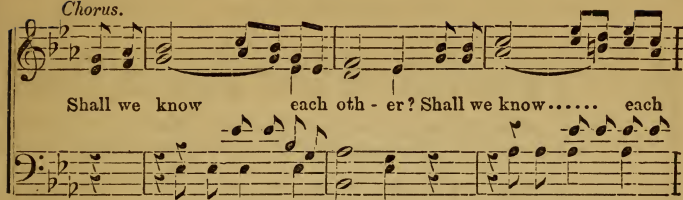
1. When we hear the music ringing In the bright celestial dome,
 2. When the ho-ly angels meet us, As we go to join their band;

When sweet angel voices sing - ing Gladly bid us welcome home,
 Shall we know the friends that greet us, In the glo-rious spir - it land ?

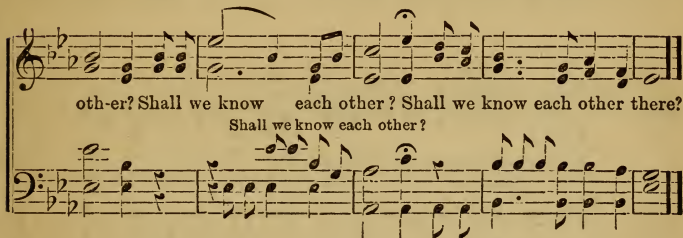
To the land of ancient sto - ry, Where the spir-it knows no care,
 Shall we see the same eyes shin-ing, On us, as in days of yore ?

In that land of light and glo - ry, Shall we know each oth - er there ?
 Shall we feel their dear arms twining Fondly round us as be - fore ?

Chorus.



Shall we know, &c.



3.

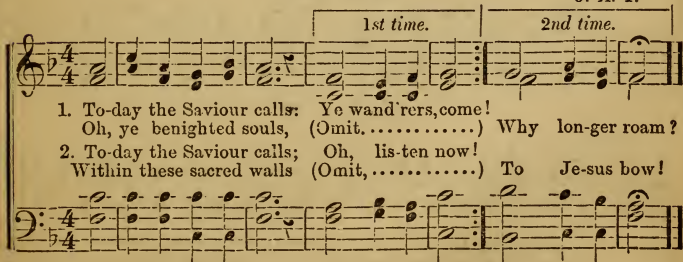
4.

Yes, my earth-worn soul rejoices,
And my weary heart grows light,
For the thrilling angel voices,
And the angel faces bright,
That shall welcome us in heaven,
Are the loved of long ago,
And to them 'tis kindly given
Thus their mortal friends to know.

Oh! ye weary, sad, and toss'd ones,
Droop not, faint not by the way;
Ye shall join the lov'd and just ones,
In the land of perfect day!
Harpstrings touched by angel fingers,
Murmured in my raptured ear,
Evermore their sweet song lingers,
"We shall know each other there!"

TO-DAY.

J. H. T.



1. To-day the Saviour calls: Ye wand'ers, come!
Oh, ye benighted souls, (Omit,.....) Why long-er roam?
2. To-day the Saviour calls; Oh, lis-ten now!
Within these sacred walls (Omit,.....) To Je-sus bow!

3.

4.

To-day the Saviour calls;
For refuge fly;
The storm of justice falls,
And death is nigh.

The Spirit calls to-day;
Yield to his power;
Oh, grieve him not away!
"Tis mercy's hour.

THE ETERNAL CITY.

MRS. K. W. LOTZ.

From "The Brilliant," by per.

W. T. GIFFE.

1. Have you heard of the golden pav'd city, Away in the realms of the blest?
 2. No night ev - er darkens its beau - ty, No storm cloud o'ershadows its sky;

Its pearl gates stand open forever, In - viting earth's weary to rest,
 But the lights of that jeweled wall'd city, Are the beams from the kind Father's eye,

No tears dim the eyes that are beaming, With light from e - ter - nity's spring,
 There's a crown and a mansion awaiting In that cit - y of sapphire and gold,

rit.
 No grief-la-den sighs ev - er min - gle With the anthems the blood ransom'd sing.
 Come drink of its life giving fountain, And bask in its plea - sures un - told.

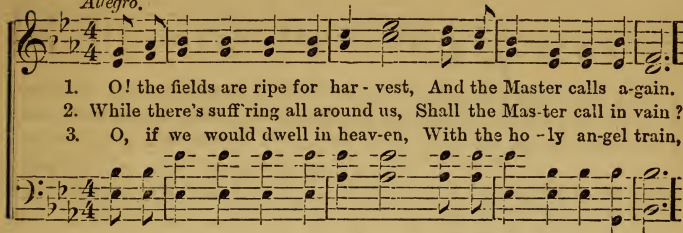
WHO WILL GATHER THE GRAIN ? 47

ALICE PENDLETON.

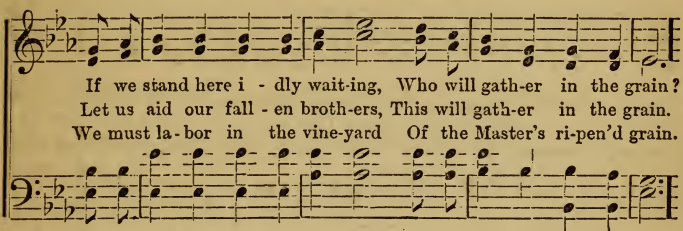
From the "Brilliant," by per.

E. COOK.

Allegro.

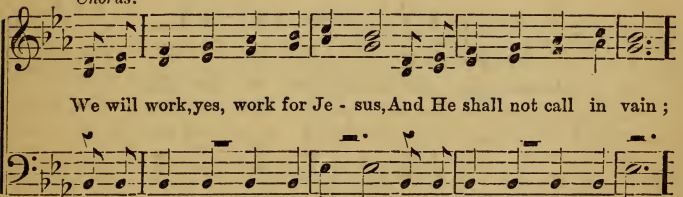


1. O! the fields are ripe for har - vest, And the Master calls a - gain.
 2. While there's suff'ring all around us, Shall the Mas - ter call in vain ?
 3. O, if we would dwell in heav - en, With the ho - ly an - gel train,

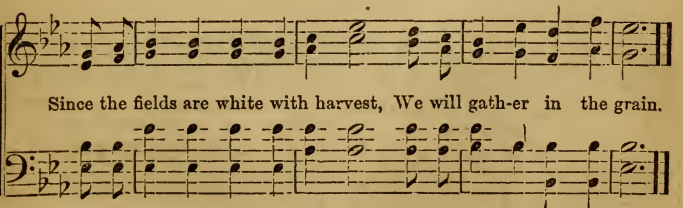


If we stand here i - dly wait - ing, Who will gath - er in the grain?
 Let us aid our fall - en broth - ers, This will gath - er in the grain.
 We must la - bor in the vine - yard Of the Master's ri - pen'd grain.

Chorus.



We will work, yes, work for Je - sus, And He shall not call in vain ;



Since the fields are white with harvest, We will gath - er in the grain.

From "Grove Songs, No. 1." by per.

ASA HULL.

1. They have reach'd the sunny shore, And will never hunger more, All their
 2. Now they feel no chilling blast, For their winter time is past, And their
 3. They have fought the weary fight; Jesus sav'd them by his might; Now they

griefs and pains are o'er, Over there; And they need no lamp by night, For their
 sum-mers al-ways last Over there; They can never know a fear, For the
 dwell with him in light, Over there; Soon we'll reach the shining strand, Soon we'll

Rit.
 day is always bright, And the Sav-iour is their light, O-ver there;
 Sav-iour's always near, And with them is end-less cheer, O-ver there;
 wait our Lord's command, Till we see his beck-'ning hand, O-ver there,

a tempo.
 { O-ver there, o-ver there, o-ver there, o-ver
 o-ver there, o-ver there, o-ver there,

there, } They will need no lamp by night, For their
 over there, } They can nev - er know a fear, For the
 Soon we'll reach the shin-ing strand, But we'll

Rit.
 day is al-ways bright, And the Sav-iour is their light, O-ver there.
 Sav-iour's always near, And with them is end-less cheer, O-ver there.
 wait our Lord's command, Till we see his beck'ning hand, O-ver there.

COME UNTO ME.

Come un - to me and I will give you rest,

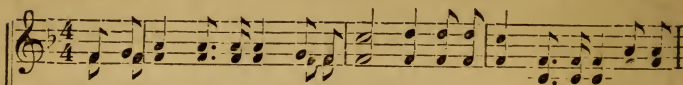
Rest, sweet rest, and I will give you rest.

LIGHTS ALONG THE SHORE.

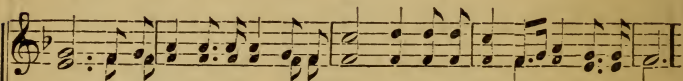
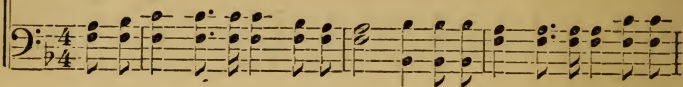
JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

From "The Tonart," by per.

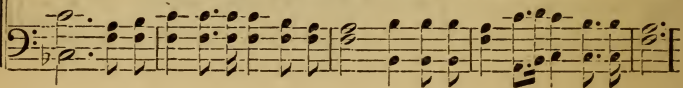
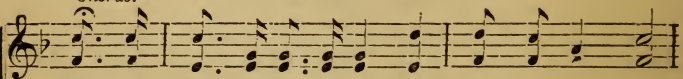
E. ROBERTS.



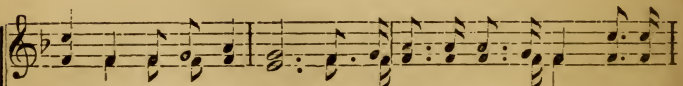
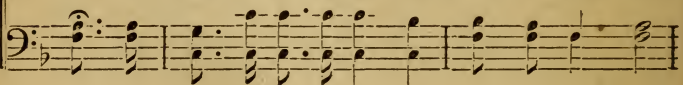
1. There are lights by the shore of that country, Where my bark amid perils I
 2. There are lights by the shore as we journey, As we float down the river of



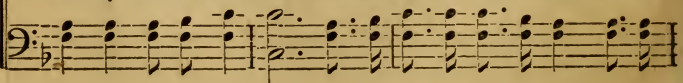
steer, And they ever grow brighter and brighter As that glorious haven I near.
 time, All the days of our pilgrimage brighten, With a radiance truly sublime.

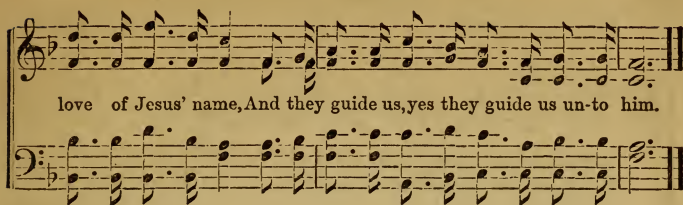
*Chorus.*

Oh, the lights a-long the shore That nev - er grow dim,



Nev - er, never grow dim, Are the souls that are a-flame With the





love of Jesus' name, And they guide us, yes they guide us un-to him.

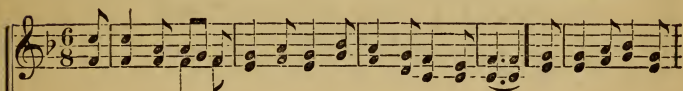
3.

4.

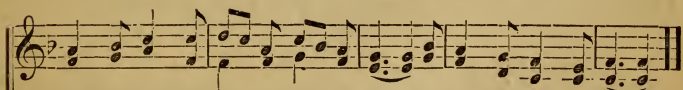
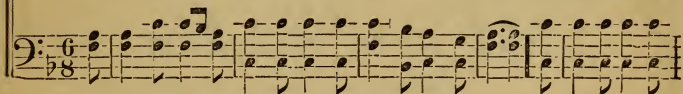
O they tell of a hope that will cheer us Then forgot not to keep your light shin-
In the midst of our sorrows and cares, ing :
When the lamp on our vessel burns O Christian, be earnest and true,
dimly, For a soul on life's ocean may perish,
We watch for the glimmer of their's. May sink in the waves but for you.

PERRIN. C. M.

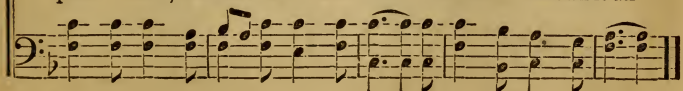
J. H. TENNEY.



1. There is a safe and se-cret place, Beneath the wings divine, Reserved for all the
2. He feeds in pastures large and fair, Of love and truth di-vine ; O child of God, O
3. A hand al-mighty to de-fend, An ear for eve-ry call, An honored life, a

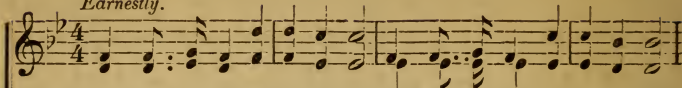


heirs of grace ; Oh, be that ref - uge mine ! Oh, be that ref - uge mine !
glo-ry's heir ! How rich a lot is thine ! How rich a lot is thine !
peace-ful end, And heav'n to crown it all ! And heav'n to crown it all !

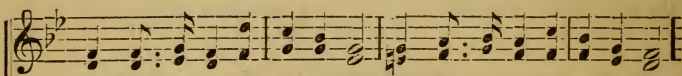
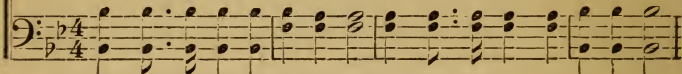


MRS. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

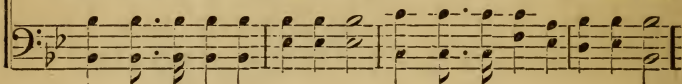
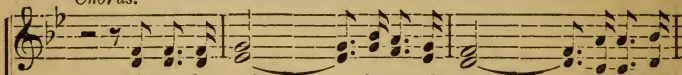
J. H. TENNEY.

Earnestly.

1. Sinner so thoughtless, change thy way, Turn to the Saviour, turn to-day,
2. Sinner despondent, why delay, Come to the Saviour, come to-day,
3. Sinner so hardened, wilt thou fear? Day of his wrath shall soon appear,

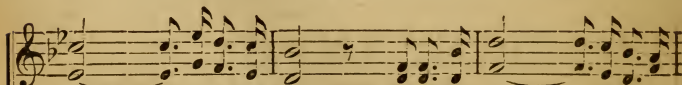
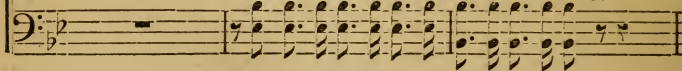


Death follows hard, then quickly flee, Flee to the refuge made for thee.
 Mer-cy he gives thee, freely gives; Then why despair, since Jesus lives!
 Can'st thou endure the judgment-day, Without that Friend, the Christian's stay?

*Chorus.*

Sinner be wise..... O come, O come..... Jesus will

Sinner be wise, O come to Jesus, come to-day,



take..... thee safely home; Sinner give heed..... O flee, O

Jesus will take thee, yes, will take thee safely home: Sinner give heed, O flee to



flee,..... Lest sin be - guile..... and ru - in thee.
 Jesus while you may, Lest sin beguile and ru - in thee.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is in the treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. The piano accompaniment is in the bass clef with a key signature of one flat and a common time signature. The melody features a triplet of eighth notes in the final measure of the first line.

THY WILL BE DONE.

BENJAMIN SCHMOLK.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. My Je-sus, as thou wilt! Oh, may thy will be mine! In-to thy hand of
 2. My Je-sus, as thou wilt! Tho' seen thro' many a tear, Let not my star of
 3. My Je-sus, as thou wilt! All shall be well for me: Each changing future

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is in the treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a 6/8 time signature. The piano accompaniment is in the bass clef with a key signature of one flat and a 6/8 time signature. The melody is a simple, hymn-like tune.

love I would my all re - sign: Thro' sorrow, or thro' joy, Con -
 hope Grow dim or dis - ap - pear: Since thou on earth has wept And
 scene, I glad - ly trust with thee: Then to my home a - bove I

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is in the treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a 6/8 time signature. The piano accompaniment is in the bass clef with a key signature of one flat and a 6/8 time signature. The melody continues the hymn-like tune from the previous section.

- duct me as thine own, And help me still to say, My Lord, thy will be done!
 sorrowed oft a - lone, If I must weep with thee, My Lord, thy will be done!
 trav - el calmly on, And sing, in life or death, My Lord, thy will be done!

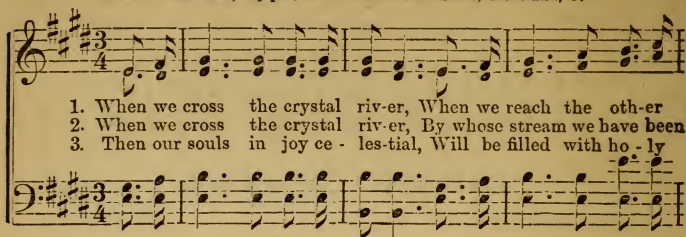
The musical score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is in the treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a 6/8 time signature. The piano accompaniment is in the bass clef with a key signature of one flat and a 6/8 time signature. The melody concludes the hymn-like tune.

54 WHEN WE CROSS THE CRYSTAL RIVER.

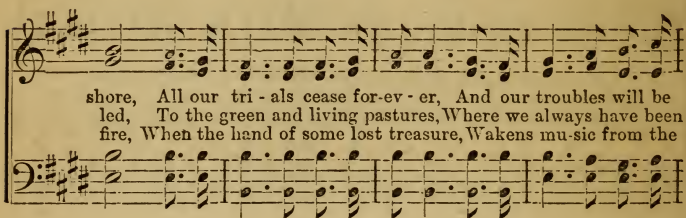
MARY E. KAIL.

W. W. BENTLEY.

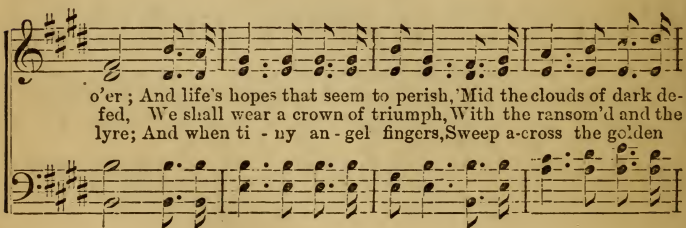
From "The Pearl," by per. of S. BRAINARD'S SONS, Cleveland, O.



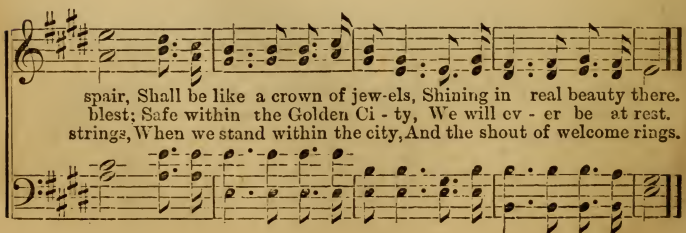
1. When we cross the crystal riv-er, When we reach the oth-er
 2. When we cross the crystal riv-er, By whose stream we have been
 3. Then our souls in joy ce - les-tial, Will be filled with ho - ly



shore, All our tri - als cease for-ev - er, And our troubles will be
 led, To the green and living pastures, Where we always have been
 fire, When the hand of some lost treasure, Wakens mu-sic from the



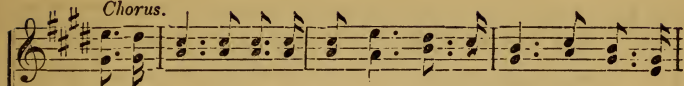
o'er; And life's hopes that seem to perish, Mid the clouds of dark de-
 fed, We shall wear a crown of triumph, With the ransom'd and the
 lyre; And when ti - ny an - gel fingers, Sweep a-cross the golden



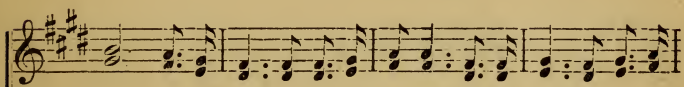
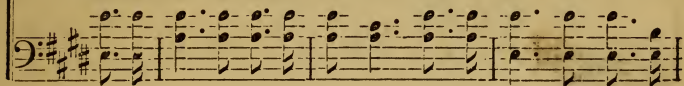
spair, Shall be like a crown of jew-els, Shining in real beauty there.
 blest; Safe within the Golden Ci - ty, We will ev - er be at rest.
 strings, When we stand within the city, And the shout of welcome rings.

WHEN WE CROSS THE, &c. Concluded. 55

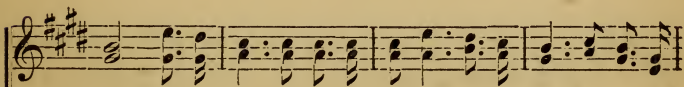
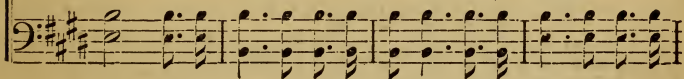
Chorus.



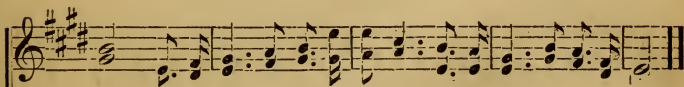
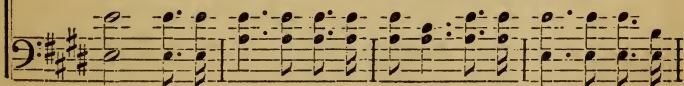
When we cross the crystal riv - er, There to join the an - gel



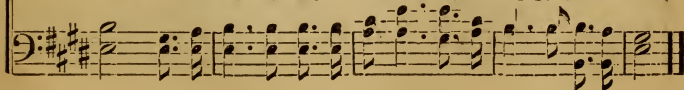
band, There to meet, no more to sev - er, In that bright and happy



land, We shall sing the songs of glory, With our lov'd ones gone be -



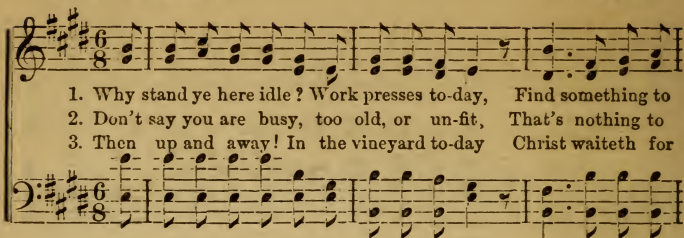
fore; When we cross the crystal river, To the hap - py golden shore.



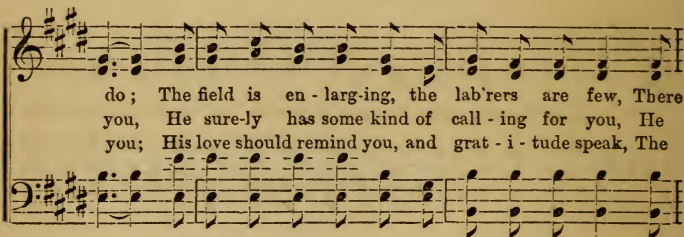
THERE'S SOMETHING TO DO.

Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

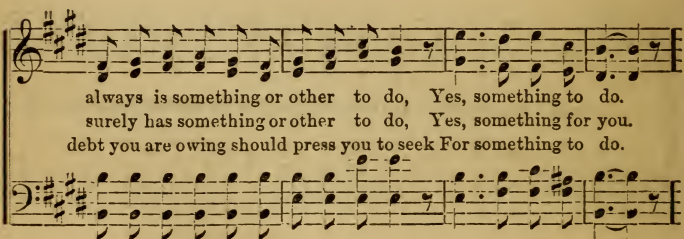
J. H. TENNEY.



1. Why stand ye here idle? Work presses to-day, Find something to
 2. Don't say you are busy, too old, or un-fit, That's nothing to
 3. Then up and away! In the vineyard to-day Christ waiteth for

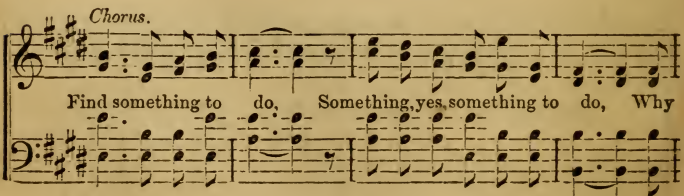


do; The field is en-larg-ing, the lab'ers are few, There
 you, He sure-ly has some kind of call-ing for you, He
 you; His love should remind you, and grat-i-tude speak, The

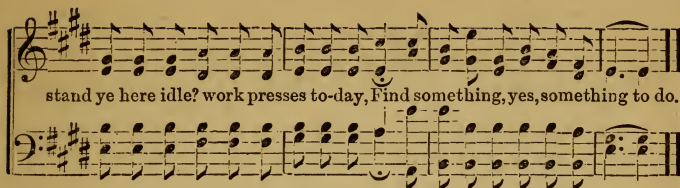


always is something or other to do, Yes, something to do.
 surely has something or other to do, Yes, something for you.
 debt you are owing should press you to seek For something to do.

Chorus.



Find something to do, Something, yes, something to do, Why

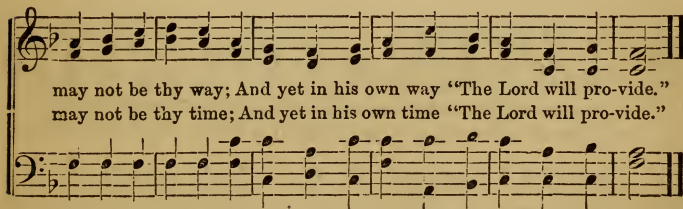
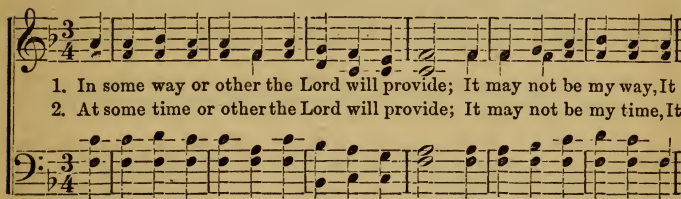


JEHOVAH JIREH.

(THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.)

MRS. M. A. W. COOK.

J. H. TENNEY.



3. Despond, then, no longer ; the Lord will provide ;

And this be the token,
No word He hath spoken,
Hath ever been broken,

"The Lord will provide."

4. March on, then, right boldly ; the sea shall divide ;

With Canaan before us,
With Heaven's mercy o'er us ;
We'll join in the chorus,

"The Lord will provide."

W. G. BURNHAM.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. I love to think of that happy land, By the Jasper Sea; Where there
 2. I love to talk of that happy land, By the Jas-per Sea; For there

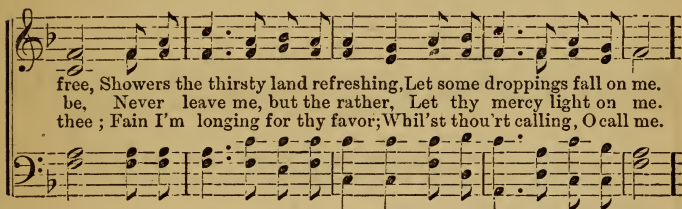
is not an eye that is dimm'd by tears, And the smiling face of the Saviour appears;
 is no trou-ble, or pain, or sin, Where the bright rob'd an-gels welcome us in;

For death may not part the household band, When they all have reach'd its
 To all that is beau-ti-ful, calm, and bright, O'er the river of death, thro' the

gold-en strand, By the Jas-per Sea, By the Jas-per Sea.
 gates of light, By the Jas-per Sea, By the Jas-per Sea.

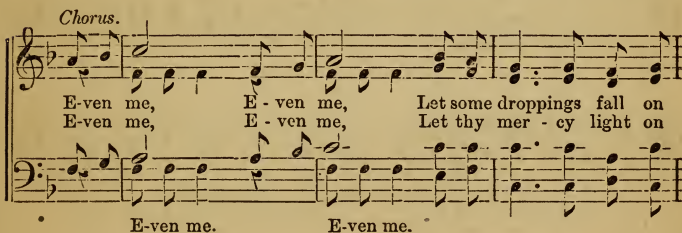


1. Lord, I hear the showers of blessings Thou art scatt'ring full and
 2. Pass me not, O God, my Father, Sin-ful though my heart may
 3. Pass me not, O gracious Saviour! Let me live and cling to



free, Showers the thirsty land refreshing, Let some droppings fall on me,
 be, Never leave me, but the rather, Let thy mercy light on me.
 thee; Fain I'm longing for thy favor; Whil'st thou'rt calling, O call me.

Chorus.



E-ven me, E-ven me, Let some droppings fall on
 E-ven me, E-ven me, Let thy mer-cy light on

E-ven me. E-ven me.



me. E-ven me, Even me. Let some droppings fall on me.
 me. E-ven me, Even me. Let thy mer-cy light on me.

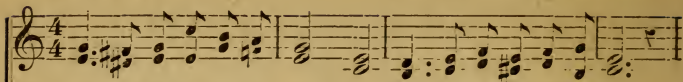
Even me, Even me.

4.
 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
 Thou canst make the blind to see;
 Witnesses of Jesus' merit!
 Speak some word of pow'r to me.
 CHO.

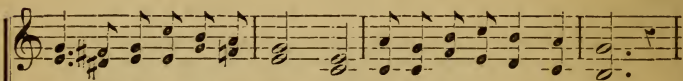
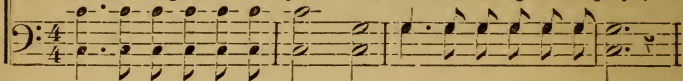
5.
 Love of God so pure and changeless;
 Blood of Christ—so rich, so free;
 Grace of God—so strong and boundless,
 Magnify it all in me!
 CHO.

MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

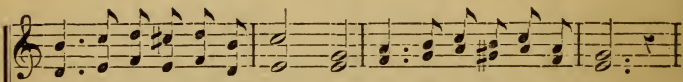
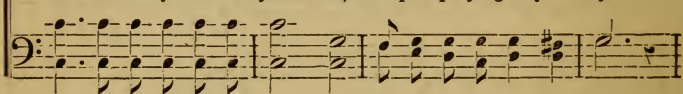
From "Golden Sunbeams," by per.



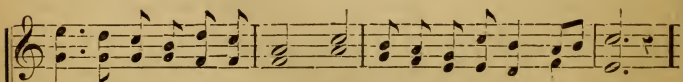
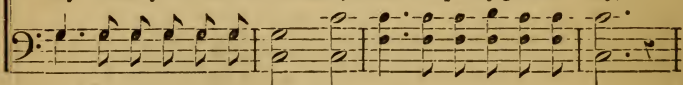
1. Long my spirit pined in sor - row, Watching, waiting, all in vain;
2. Ye, who sigh for ho - ly pleasures, Ye, who mourn your load of sin,
3. How the angel-band re - joic - es When a kneeling mortal prays;



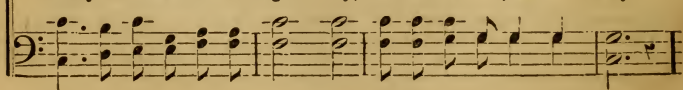
Waiting for a golden mor - row, Free from worldly care and pain ;
 Keep on praying; heav'nly treasures In the end you're sure to win :
 Hear them cry in heav'nly voi - ces, " Keep on praying all your days :



When I heard a sweet voice say - ing, In the accents of a friend;
 Wrestle with the Lord of glo - ry, Lay your troubles at his feet,
 Pray un-til you reach fair Ca-naan, Reach the pearly gates of day,



" Cheer up, brother, keep on pray - ing, Keep on praying to the end."
 Plead with faith in Calv'y's sto - ry, Till your joys are all com - plete.
 Then your bliss shall end in glo - ry, And shall never pass a - way."



Chorus.

Keep on praying to the end, Keep on praying to the end;

Cheer up, brother, keep on pray - ing, Keep on praying to the end.

WILL YOU GO ?

Western Melody.
Fine.

1. { We're trav'ling home to heav'n above, Will you go? Will you go? }
 { To sing the Saviour's dy-ing love, Will you go? Will you go? }
 D.C. And millions more are on the road, Will you go? Will you go?

D.C.
 Millions have reach'd that blest abode, A - nointed kings and priests to God;

2.

3.

We're going to walk the plains of light; The way to heaven is straight and plain;
 Will you go? Will you go?
 Far, far from curse and death and night; Repent, believe, be born again;
 Will you go? Will you go?
 The crown of life we then shall wear, The Saviour cries aloud to thee,
 The conqueror's palm we then shall bear, "Take up your cross and follow me,
 And all the joys of heaven we'll share; And thou shalt my salvation see."
 Will you go? Will you go?

THE LAND CELESTIAL.

FANNY CHURCH.

J. H. ROSEGRANS.

From "The Little Sower," by per.

1. There is a land ce - les - tial, A world that's bright and fair;
There flows the peace-ful riv - er, Be - neath the tree of life,

And o'er its ho - ly beau - ty, Floats not a cloud of care, }
There comes no wail of mourning, Nor sound of bit - ter strife. }

Chorus.

Land of per - fect beau - ty, World so bright and fair;

When will an - gels call me, When shall I be there.

2.
There are the sweet voiced angels,
Around the great white throne,
Who bow in willing homage,
To him who rules above,
Death guards the mystic portals,
And gently one by one,
He leads in weary mortals,
Whose earthly work is done.

CHO.—Land of, &c.

3.
They stand before the Father,
The Lord of life and love;
He smiles upon his children,
He welcomes them above,
And all in joyous singing,
And peace forever more,
There in that far off country,
Upon that golden shore.

CHO.—He leads &c.

DR. J. B. HERBERT.

1. Gently, Lord, O gently lead us, Thro' this lonely vale of tears;
 2. In the hour of pain and anguish, In the hour when death draws near,

The first system of musical notation for the song. It consists of a treble and a bass staff, both in 4/4 time and key of B-flat major. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the staves.

Thro' the changes thou' st decreed us, Till our last great change appears,
 Suf-fer not our hearts to lan-guish, Suf-fer not our souls to fear,

The second system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the staves.

When temptation's darts as - sail us, When in devious paths we stray,
 And, when mortal life is end - ed, Bid us on thy bosom rest,

The third system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staves.

Let thy goodness never fail us, Lead us in thy perfect way.
 Till, by an-gel-bands attend - ed, We a - wake among the blest.

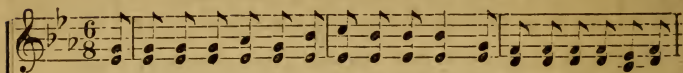
The fourth and final system of musical notation on this page. It concludes the song with a final cadence. The lyrics are written below the staves.

AT THE DOOR.

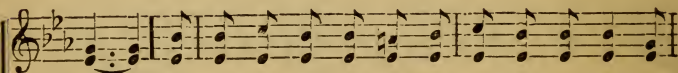
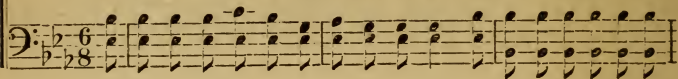
REV. ALFRED TAYLOR. From "Sabbath Songs," by per.

L. MARSHALL.

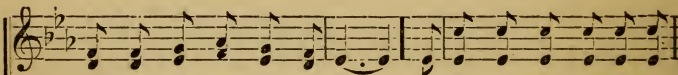
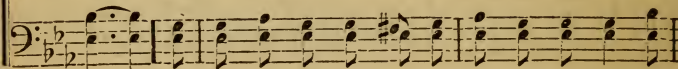
"Behold, I stand at the door, and knock."—REV. iii. 20.



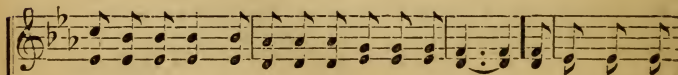
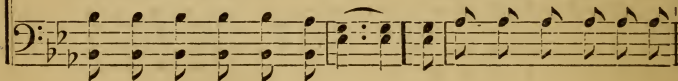
1. My Saviour stands waiting, and knocks at the door, Has knock'd, and is knocking a-
2. O Saviour, my Ransom, Redeemer, and Friend, The Life, and the Truth, and the



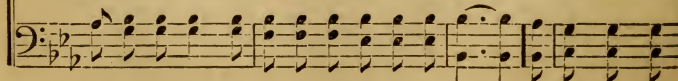
gain; I hear His kind voice; I'll re-ject Him no more, Nor
Way, On Thy pre-cious mer-it a-lone I de-pend: Dwell



let Him stand pleading in vain, In in-fi-nite mer-cy He
in me, and keep me, I pray. Thy goodness hath open'd the



came from above To ransom, to cleanse me from sin; I'll yield to the
door of my heart; 'Tis open'd in welcome to Thee; Come in, bless-ed



voice of His mer - ci - ful love, And let my dear Saviour come in.
Saviour, and nev - er de - part; Come in, with Thy mercy, to me.

Chorus.

Saviour, come in; Cleanse me from sin: Jesus, my Saviour, come in, come in,

En - ter the door, Waiting no more, Saviour, dear Saviour, come in.

SINNER! COME.

J. H. T.

1. Sinner! come, 'mid thy gloom, All thy guilt confessing.
Trembling now, contrite bow, (omit.....) Take the offer'd bless-ing.

2.

Sinner! come, while there's room—
While the feast is waiting;
While the Lord, by his word,
Kindly is inviting.

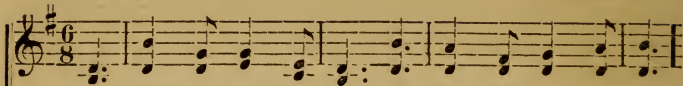
3.

Sinner! come, ere thy doom,
Shall be sealed forever;
Now return, grieve and mourn,
Flee to Christ, the Saviour.

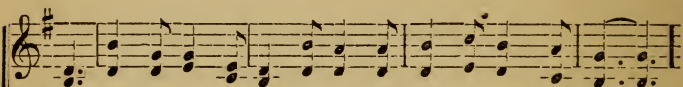
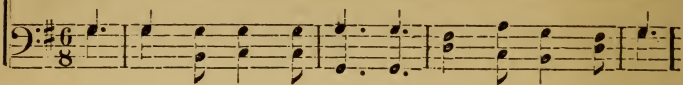
66 NEARER MY HOME IN HEAVEN.

PHOEBE CARY.

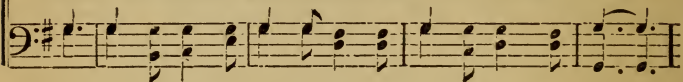
J. H. TENNEY.



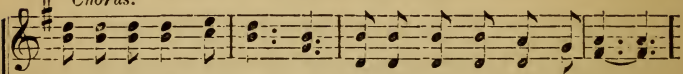
1. One sweetly sol - emn tho't Comes to me o'er and o'er ;
2. Near - er my Father's house, Where man - y man - sions be ;



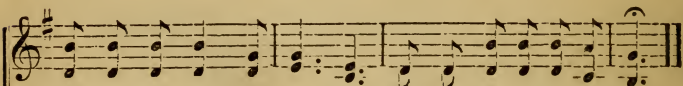
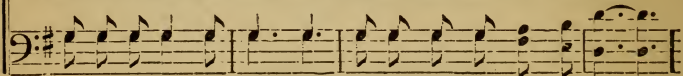
'Tis that I'm near-er home to-day, Than e'er I've been be - fore.
Near-er the solemn judgment throne, Near-er the jas - per sea.



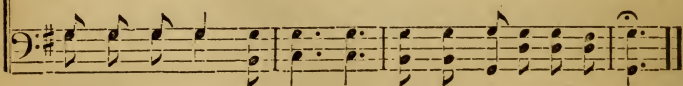
Chorus.



Nearer my home, yes, near - er, Nearer than ev - er be - fore ;



Near-er my home, yes, near - er, Nearer than ev-er be-fore.



3.

Nearer the bound where life
Shall lay its burdens down ;
Where I shall leave my ill-borne cross,
And take my blood-bought crown.

4.

Saviour, perfect my trust,
Confirm my feeble faith ;
And teach me fearlessly to stand
Upon the shore of death.

J. H. TENNEY.

Earnestly.

1. Hark, sin - ner, while God from on high doth entreat thee, And
2. How oft of thy dan - ger and guilt hath he told thee, How

warnings with ac - cents of mer - cy doth blend, Give ear to his
oft still the mes - sage of mercy doth send, Haste, haste while he

voice, lest in judgment he meet thee, "The har - vest is passing, the
waits in his arms to en - fold thee, "The har - vest is passing, the

sum - mer will end, The harvest is passing, the summer will end."
sum - mer will end, The harvest is passing, the summer will end."

3. Despised, rejected, at length he may leave thee,
What anguish and horror thy bosom may rend,
Then haste thee, O sinner, while he will receive thee,
"The harvest is passing, the summer will end."
4. The Saviour will call thee in judgment before him,
O bow to his sceptre, and make him your friend,
Now yield him thy heart and make haste to adore him,
"Thy harvest is passing, thy summer will end."

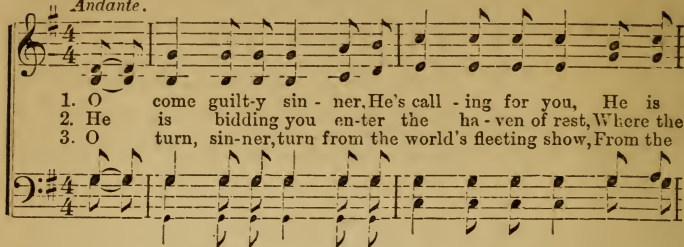
68 WILL YOU COME TO CHRIST TO-DAY ?

ISAAC M. REGISTER.

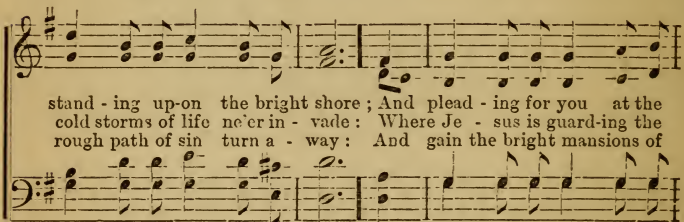
ISAAC M. REGISTER.

From "The Brilliant," by per.

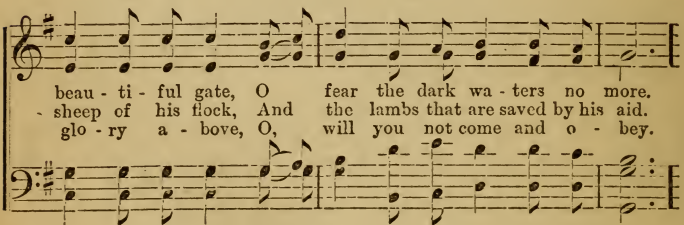
Andante.



1. O come guilt-y sin - ner, He's call - ing for you, He is
 2. He is bidding you en - ter the ha - ven of rest, Where the
 3. O turn, sin - ner, turn from the world's fleeting show, From the

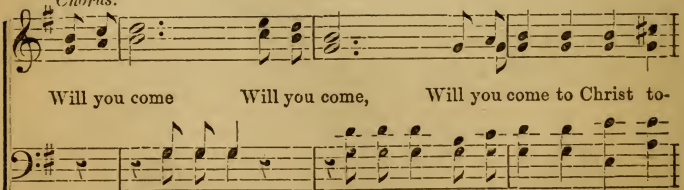


stand - ing up-on the bright shore ; And plead - ing for you at the
 cold storms of life ne'er in - vade : Where Je - sus is guard-ing the
 rough path of sin turn a - way : And gain the bright mansions of



beau - ti - ful gate, O fear the dark wa - ters no more.
 - sheep of his flock, And the lambs that are saved by his aid.
 glo - ry a - bove, O, will you not come and o - bey.

Chorus.



Will you come Will you come, Will you come to Christ to-

Will you come, Will you come, Will you come to Christ to-

day, Will you come, Will you come, Will you come to Christ to-day.

Will you come, Will you come.

This musical score is for the song 'Will you come to, &c.' It features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp). The melody is in 4/4 time. The lyrics are: 'day, Will you come, Will you come, Will you come to Christ to-day. Will you come, Will you come.'

GLAD TIDINGS.

MRS. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

From "Golden Sunbeams," by per.

1. Speed thee with the message, Sent us from above. Quickly bear the tidings
2. Light he sends for darkness, To the lost, a guide. 'Mid the storms a shelter,
3. Par-don for the sinner, Freedom for the slave! Praise the name of Jesus,

This musical score is for the song 'Glad Tidings' by Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth. It features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp). The melody is in 4/4 time. The lyrics are: '1. Speed thee with the message, Sent us from above. Quickly bear the tidings 2. Light he sends for darkness, To the lost, a guide. 'Mid the storms a shelter, 3. Par-don for the sinner, Freedom for the slave! Praise the name of Jesus,'

Chorus.

Of a Saviour's love. } Glad tid - ings, Glad tid - ings, Glad tidings of
Where the weary hide. }
Sing his power to save. }

Glad tidings of

This musical score is for the chorus of 'Glad Tidings'. It features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp). The melody is in 4/4 time. The lyrics are: 'Of a Saviour's love. } Glad tid - ings, Glad tid - ings, Glad tidings of Where the weary hide. } Sing his power to save. } Glad tidings of'

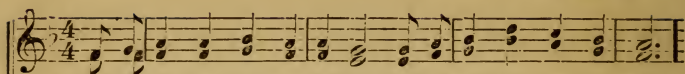
joy, Go bear to the nations these tidings of joy: Glad tidings of joy.

joy ;

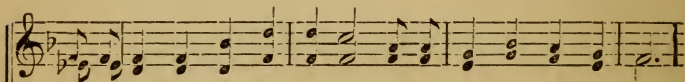
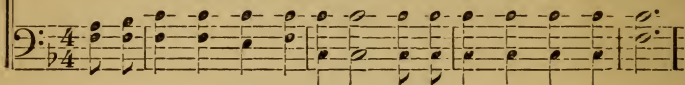
This musical score is for the continuation of 'Glad Tidings'. It features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp). The melody is in 4/4 time. The lyrics are: 'joy, Go bear to the nations these tidings of joy: Glad tidings of joy. joy ;'

THE PERFECT REST.

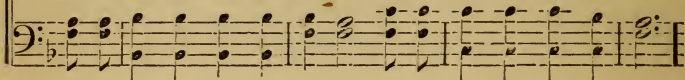
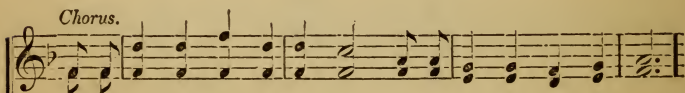
J. H. TENNEY.



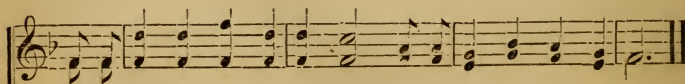
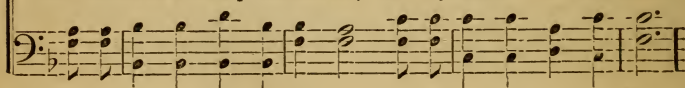
1. Je - sus, I am nev - er wea - ry, In this world of care and pain,
2. All my sins were laid up - on thee, All my griefs were on thee laid;
3. Dearest Saviour, go not from me; Let thy presence still a - bide;



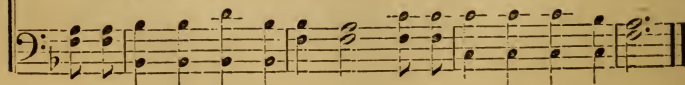
If thy presence on - ly cheer me, All my loss I count but gain.
 For the blood of thine a - tonement All my utmost debt has paid.
 Look in tend' rest love up - on me, -- I am shelt'ring at thy side.

*Chorus.*

Both thine arms are clasp'd around me, And my head is on thy breast;

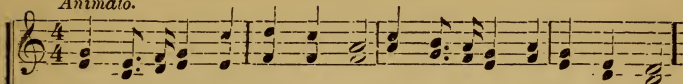


For my weary soul has found thee Such a perfect, perfect rest.

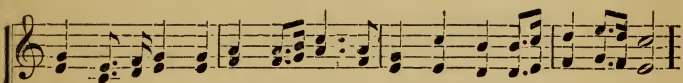


MRS. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

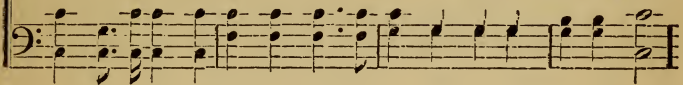
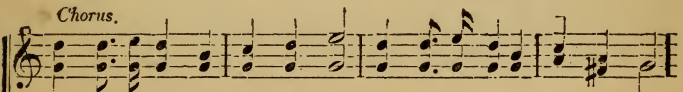
J. H. TENNEY.

Animato.

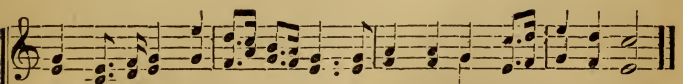
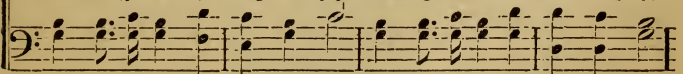
1. Come let us praise the Saviour's name, Come let us speak abroad his fame,
2. Sing of his pow'r to save from sin, Sing of his love, our hearts to win,
3. Yes, we will sing while we have breath, Sing, 'till our voice is lost in death.



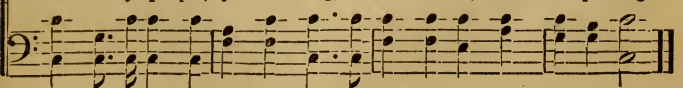
Sing of the grace he free - ly gives, Yes, let us sing, since Je - sus lives.
 Sing of the ransom paid with blood, By him, who brings us near to God.
 Then with the ransomed souls above, For-ev - er sing re - deem - ing love.

*Chorus.*

Praise him, ye saints, O sing for joy! Praising our God is sweet employ,

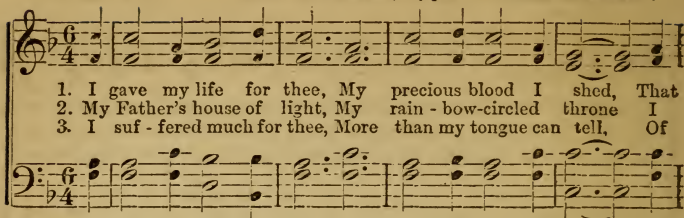


Praise him ye people, join our song, Let all u-nite, the sound prolong.

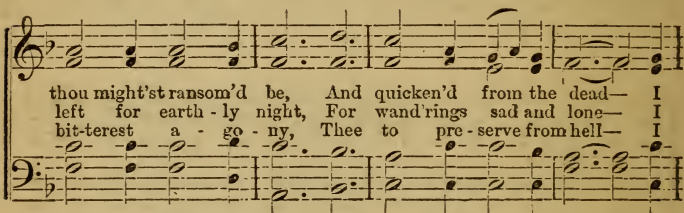


From "The Emerald," by per.

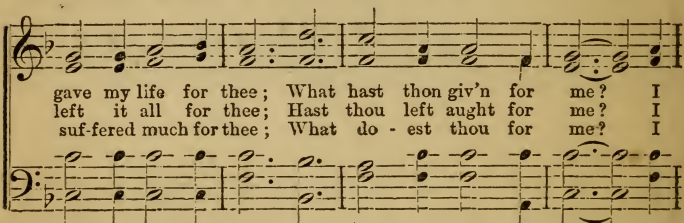
DR. A. B. EVERETT.



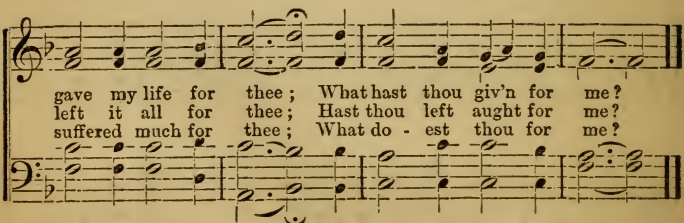
1. I gave my life for thee, My precious blood I shed, That
 2. My Father's house of light, My rain-bow-circled throne I
 3. I suf-fered much for thee, More than my tongue can tell, Of



thou might'st ransom'd be, And quicken'd from the dead— I
 left for earth-ly night, For wand'rings sad and lone— I
 bit-terest a-go-ny, Thee to pre-serve from hell— I



gave my life for thee; What hast thou giv'n for me? I
 left it all for thee; Hast thou left aught for me? I
 suf-fered much for thee; What do-est thou for me? I



gave my life for thee; What hast thou giv'n for me?
 left it all for thee; Hast thou left aught for me?
 suffered much for thee; What do-est thou for me?

4. And I have brought to thee,
 Down from my home above,
 Salvation full and free,
 My spirit and my love;
 Great gifts I brought to thee;
 What hast thou brought to me?

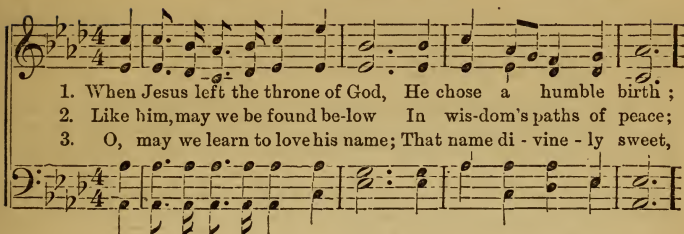
5. Oh, let thy life be given,
 Thy years for me be spent,
 World-fetters all be riven,
 And joy with suffering blent—
 Give thou thyself to me,
 Gladly I'll welcome thee!

HOSANNA TO OUR KING.

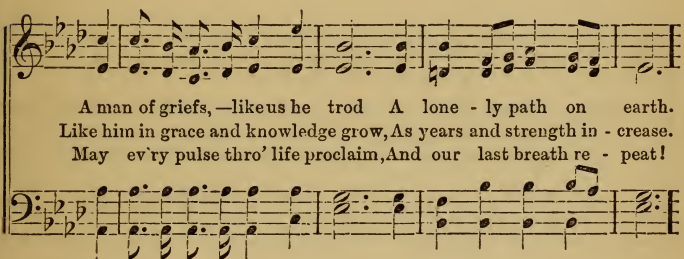
73

From "Golden Sunbeams," by per.

J. H. TENNEY.

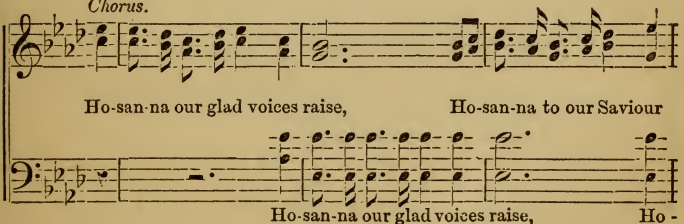


1. When Jesus left the throne of God, He chose a humble birth ;
 2. Like him, may we be found be-low In wis-dom's paths of peace;
 3. O, may we learn to love his name; That name di - vine - ly sweet,

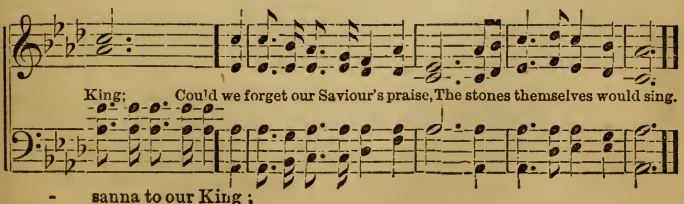


A man of griefs, —like us he trod A lone - ly path on earth.
 Like him in grace and knowledge grow, As years and strength in - crease.
 May ev'ry pulse thro' life proclaim, And our last breath re - peat!

Chorus.



Ho-san-na our glad voices raise, Ho-san-na to our Saviour
 Ho-san-na our glad voices raise, Ho -



King; Could we forget our Saviour's praise, The stones themselves would sing.
 - sanna to our King ;

rest under the shade, Rest un - der the shade of the trees."

The musical score consists of two staves, treble and bass clef, in 2/4 time. The melody is in G major. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

THE WAY.

J. H. T.

1. The way is dark; I cannot see at all, My Je - sus, guide!
2. The way is rough; My feet are ver - y sore, My Je - sus, aid!

The musical score consists of two staves, treble and bass clef, in 3/4 time. The melody is in G major. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Oh, let me feel the clasping of Thy hand Close by my side.
Oh, let me lean, while yet Thou lead - est on, Nor me up - braid.

The musical score consists of two staves, treble and bass clef, in 3/4 time. The melody is in G major. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

3.

The way is long ; I fear I yet may fall,
My Jesus, keep!
Oh, let my faith out-last the weary road,
No more to weep.

4.

The way, it ends! The radiant gate appears!
My Jesus fast!
My spirit hastes, and bounds with joy, to be
At home at last!

MRS. A. L. DAVISON.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

not too fast.

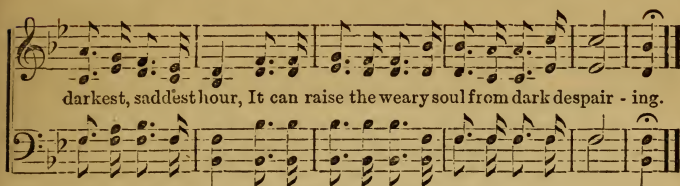
1. O the love of Christ has pow'r, In the darkest, saddest hour, It can
 2. Are there thorns along the way? Does the darkness hide the day? Jesus
 3. Soul what wilt thou do for me? All of this I did for thee! I thro'

raise the weary soul from dark de-spair-ing Hope thou ever heart in
 passed that way before, and passed to glo - ry; Think of this and doubt no
 all my life of woe for thee was caring; Groaned 'neath weights of human

pain, Soon the way grows bright again; Thro' the cloud the crown ap -
 more, Je - sus suffered all be-fore, For thy sake he bore it
 pain, Shed my blood for thee like rain; Crown of thorns and heav - y

Refrain.

- pears and waits thy wearing. O the love of Christ has pow'r, In the
 all,— O wondrous sto - ry!
 cross of an-guish bear-ing.



darkest, saddest hour, It can raise the weary soul from dark despair - ing.

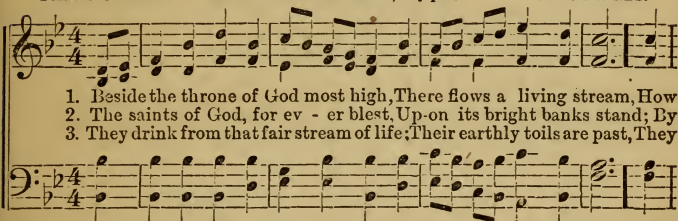
4. Tempted, tried as thou hast been,
 All thy sinning soul to win,
 Hedged about with foes, and grieved with bitter scorning;
 All for thee; sad soul be still!
 Bow thee now unto my will,
 Dark the night, but I will meet thee in the morning.

THE WATER OF LIFE.

FANNY CHURCH.

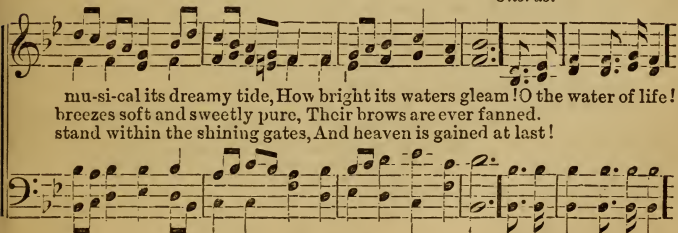
From "The Little Sower," by per.

J. H. TENNEY.

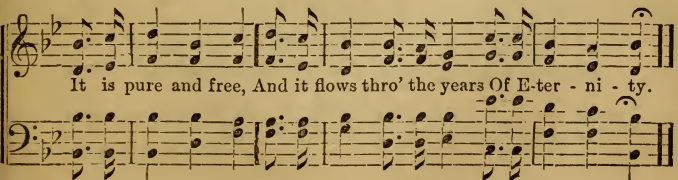


1. Beside the throne of God most high, There flows a living stream, How
 2. The saints of God, for ev - er blest, Up-on its bright banks stand; By
 3. They drink from that fair stream of life; Their earthly toils are past, They

Chorus.



mu-si-cal its dreamy tide, How bright its waters gleam! O the water of life!
 breezes soft and sweetly pure, Their brows are ever fanned.
 stand within the shining gates, And heaven is gained at last!



It is pure and free, And it flows thro' the years Of E - ter - ni - ty.

"I AM VERY HAPPY."

E. A. HOFFMAN.

From the "Evergreen," by per.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. I am ver-y hap-py, Jesus loves me so; How my heart is warming
 2. I am ver-y happy, Christ is all my song; Strains of joy I'm hymning!
 3. I am ver-y hap-py, Jesus loves me so; He will guard and keep me

With a heav'nly glow. Let me praise my Je - sus, Mag - ni - fy his name,
 Singing all day long, Christ is ver - y precious; I am tru - ly blest;
 While I dwell below; And when life is end - ed, On yon golden shore

Chorus.

Honor and exalt him, And his love proclaim. I am ver - y happy,
 I will try to keep him Reigning in my breast.
 Sweeter joys will greet me, Bliss for - ev - er more.

Rit.

Very, very hap - py, I am ver - y hap-py, Je - sus loves me so.

WHERE ARE THE NINE?

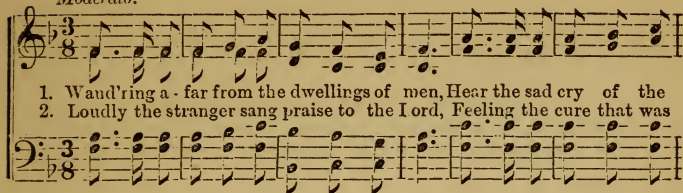
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By permission.

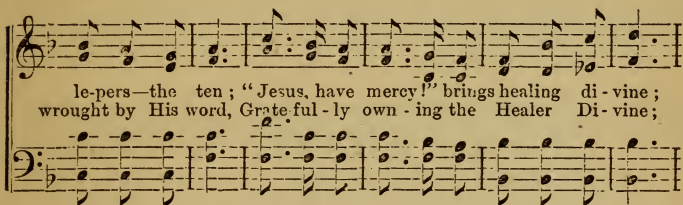
Words and Music by P. P. BLISS.

Read Luke xvii. 12 19.

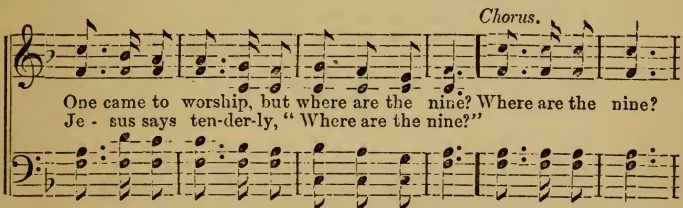
Moderato.



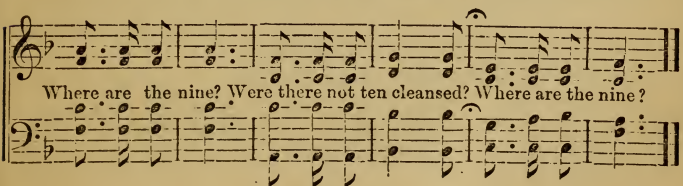
1. Wand'ring a - far from the dwellings of men, Hear the sad cry of the
2. Loudly the stranger sang praise to the Lord, Feeling the cure that was



le-pers—the ten; "Jesus, have mercy!" brings healing di-vine;
wrought by His word, Grate-ful-ly own-ing the Healer Di-vine;



Chorus.
One came to worship, but where are the nine? Where are the nine?
Je-sus says ten-der-ly, "Where are the nine?"



Where are the nine? Were there not ten cleansed? Where are the nine?

3.

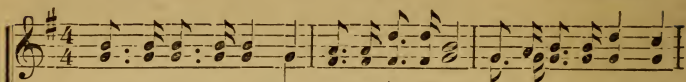
"Who is this Nazarene?" Pharisees say;
"Is he the Christ? tell us plainly, we pray."
Multitudes follow him seeking a sign,
Show them his mighty works—Where are the nine? CHO.

4.

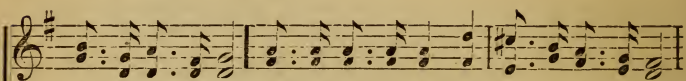
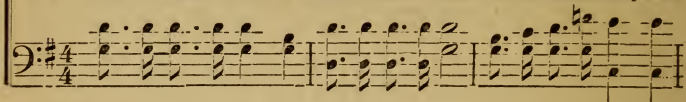
Jesus on trial to-day we can see,
Thousands deridingly ask, "Who is he?"
How they're rejecting him, your Lord and mine!
Bring in the witnesses—Where are the nine? CHO.

HORACE E. KIMBALL. From "Golden Sunbeams," by per.

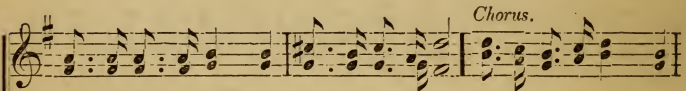
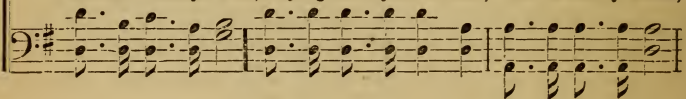
J. H. TENNEY.



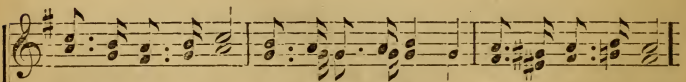
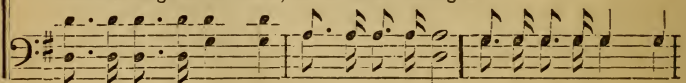
1. Onward, Christian soldiers, Onward to the fight, Hold the banner firmly,
2. Jesus Christ, your Saviour, Says that you must win, If ye do his bidding,
3. Then when warfare's o - ver, When the fight is done, When the foes are vanquish'd.



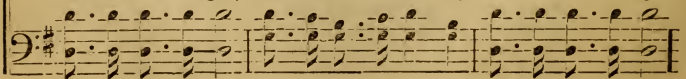
Bat-tle for the right! Hold the cross of Je - sus, As your ban-ner high,
 Look for strength to him: Clad in heav'nly ar - mor, You'll o'ercome the foe,
 When the victory's won, Laying down your ar-mor, Clad in snowy white,

*Chorus.*

Nev - er must you fal - ter, Never must you fly. Onward, Christian soldier,
 Triumph o'er the tempt-er, Je - sus tells you so.
 You shall reign with Je-sus, In e - ter - nal light.



On - ward to the fight, Hold the ban-ner firm - ly, Bat - tle for the right:



Hold the ban - ner firm - ly, Hold the ban - ner firm - ly,

Hold the ban - ner firm - ly, Bat - tle for the right.

COME TO JESUS.

1. Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just

now, Just now come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now.

2. He will save you, &c.
3. Oh, believe him.
4. He is able.
5. He is willing.
6. He'll receive you.
7. Call upon him.

8. He will hear you.
9. Look unto him.
10. He'll forgive you.
11. He will cleanse you.
12. Jesus loves you.
13. Only trust him.

Affetuoso.

1. Nothing but leaves, the Spirit grieves O-ver a wasted life; O'er
 2. Nothing but leaves, no gathered sheaves, Of life's fair ripening grain; We

sins indulged while conscience slept, O'er vows and pro-mis-es unkept, And
 sow our seeds, lo! tares and weeds, Words, *i-dle* words for earnest deeds, We

Rit.
 reaps from years of strife— No-thing but leaves, Nothing but leaves.
 reap with toil and pain,— No-thing but leaves, Nothing but leaves.

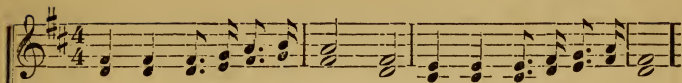
3.

Nothing but leaves, sad memory weaves ;
 No vail to hide the past,
 And as we trace our weary way,
 Counting each lost and misspent day,
 Sadly we find at last—
 ||: Nothing but leaves! :||

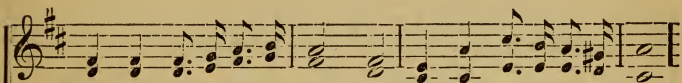
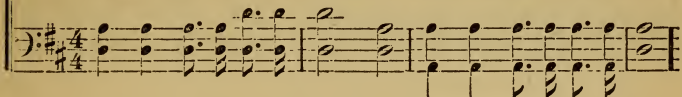
4.

Ah! who shall thus the Master meet,
 Bearing but withered leaves?
 Ah! who shall at the Saviour's feet,
 Before the awful judgment-seat
 Lay down, for golden sheaves
 ||: Nothing but leaves! :||

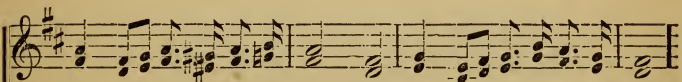
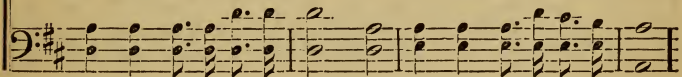
J. H. TENNEY.



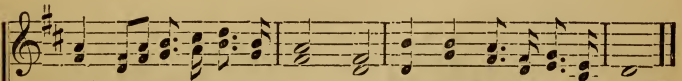
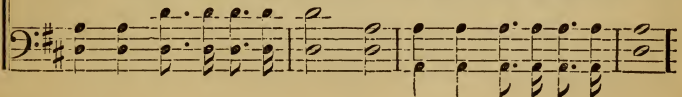
1. Shall we meet beyond the riv - er, Where the surges cease to roll;
2. Shall we meet in yon-der cit - y, Where the towers of crystal shine?
3. Shall we meet with Christ, our Saviour, When he comes to claim his own?



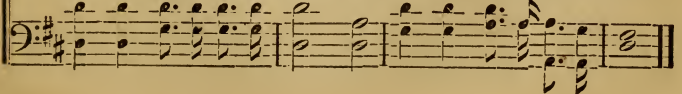
Where in all the bright for-ev - er, Sor-row ne'er shall press the soul?
 Where the walls are all of jas - per, Built by workmanship di-vine?
 Shall we know His blessed fa - vor, And behold Him on His throne?



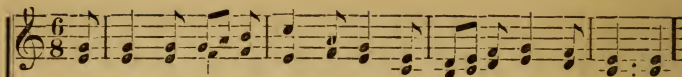
Shall we meet in that blest har - bor, When our stormy voyage is o'er?
 Shall we meet with many a lov'd one, That was torn from our embrace?
 Far be-yond this world of sor - row, On fair Canaan's peaceful shore,



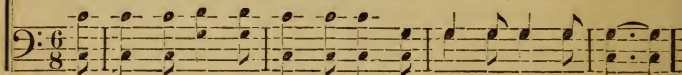
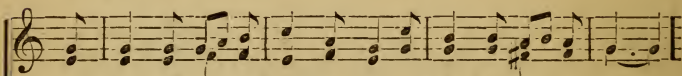
Shall we meet, and cast the an - chor By the fair ce-les - tial shore?
 Shall we lis-ten to their voi - ces, And be-hold them face to face?
 We shall meet, and with our Saviour, Dwell in love for-ev-er - more.



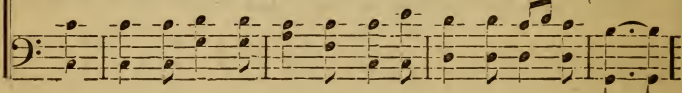
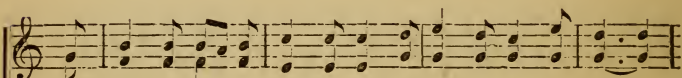
J. H. TENNEY.



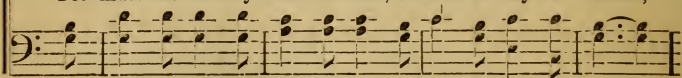
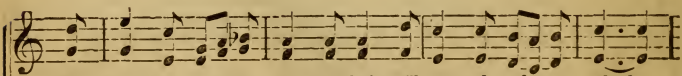
1. O ci - ty of the jas - per wall, And of the pearly gate!
 2. O ci - ty where they need no light Of sun, or moon, or star;
 3. O ci - ty where the shining gates Shut out all grief and sin;


For thee, a - mid the storm of life, Our wea - ry spir - its wait.
 Could we, with eye of faith but see How bright thy mansions are,
 Well may we yearn amid earth's strife, Thy ho - ly peace to win!

We long to walk the streets of gold, No mortal feet have trod;
 How soon our doubts would flee away! How strong our trust would grow,
 Yet must we meekly bear the cross, Nor seek to lay it down,

We long to worship at the shrine, The temple of our God.
 Un - til our hearts should lean no more On trifles here be - low.
 Un - til our Father call us home, And gives the promised crown.



Chorus.

O land of bliss, O land of light, Thou hast no shade nor night ;

Of eve - ry land the brightest, best, Thou art our long sought rest.

JESUS PAID IT ALL.

J. H. TENNEY.
Fine.

1. { Naught of mer - it or of price Remains to jus - tice due ;
Je - sus died and paid it all, — Yes, all the debt I owe.
Je - sus died, and paid it all, — Yes, all the debt I owe. }

Chorus.

D.C.

Je - sus paid it all, All the debt I owe.

2. When he from his lofty throne,
Stoop'd down to do and die,
Every thing was fully done,
" 'Tis finish'd ! " was his cry.

CHO.

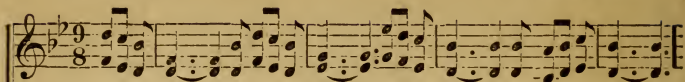
3. Clinging to the Saviour's cross,
Look up by simple faith,
Praise him for the pard'ning love
That saves from endless death.

CHO.

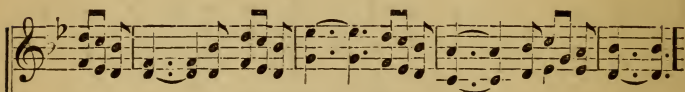
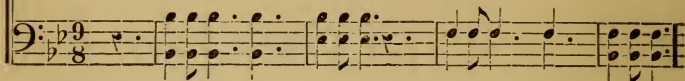
4. Bring a willing sacrifice—
Thy soul to Jesus' feet ;
Stand in him, in him alone,
All glorious and complete. CHO.

DANIEL FORBES.

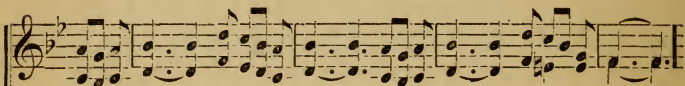
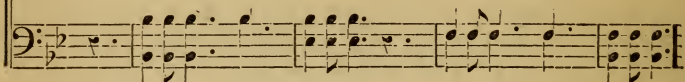
J. H. LESLIE, by per.



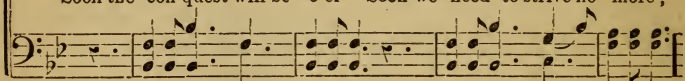
1. Faint, pur-su - ing, on we go, Thro' this world of sin and woe;
2. Faint, yet up - ward let us run— If we pause we are out - done;



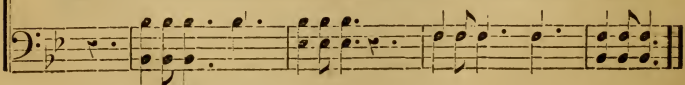
Leaning on our Saviour's arm—He will keep our souls from harm.
Upward let us urge our way, To the realms of endless day.

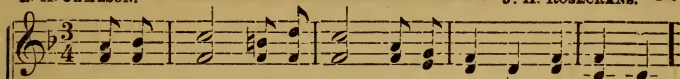


He will guide our footsteps thro', Make us more than conq'ers too;
Soon the con-quest will be o'er— Soon we need to strive no more;

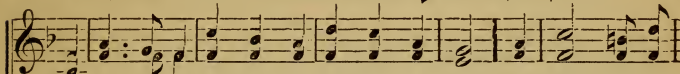
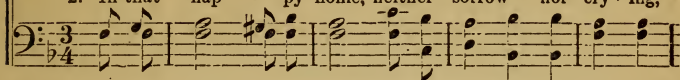


He will guard us ev'ry hour, He will shield us with His pow'r.
Soon our conq'ring song will rise, With the An - gels in the skies!

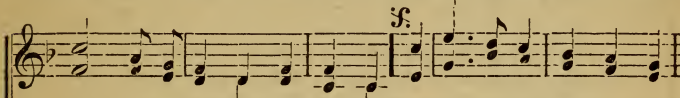
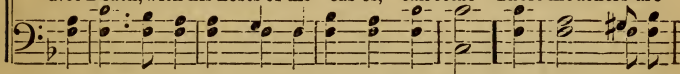




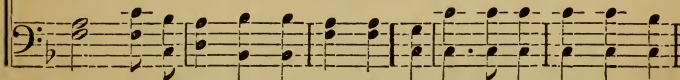
1. We are jour - ney-ing home to the house of our Father,
 2. In that hap - py home, neither sorrow nor cry - ing,



Where angels are waiting and bidding us come ; All things are now
 Nor Death, with his hosts of dis - eas-es, can come—There mourners are

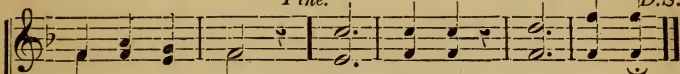


read - y; say, would you not rather Come, go with the saints to their
 freed from all anguish and sighing—Come, go with the saints to their
 D.S. Come, go with the saints to their

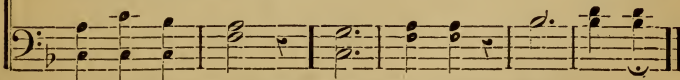


Fine.

D.S.



Par - a - dise home? Come, sin - ners, come, sin - ners,
 Par - a - dise home. Come, mourners— come, mourners,
 Par - a - dise home.

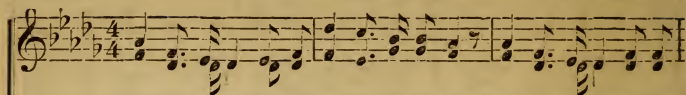


3. 'Tis a home of repose, where the sad and the weary,
 Find rest from their labor, and nevermore roam ;
 Where prospects of happiness never grow dreary—
 Come, go with the saints to their Paradise home.
 Ye weary—ye weary.
 Come go with the saints to their Paradise home.
4. There the bright morning stars with the angels are singing,
 And praising Jehovah, who sits on his throne ;
 The portals of heaven with their anthems are ringing—
 Come, go with the saints to their Paradise home.
 Oh sinners! Oh sinners!
 Come, go with the saints to their Paradise home.

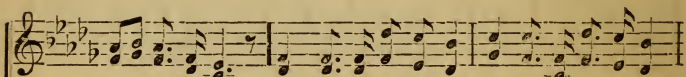
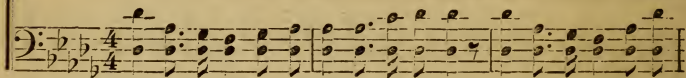
DR. H. BONAR.

From "Sacred Crown," by per.

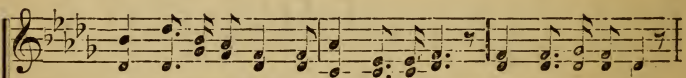
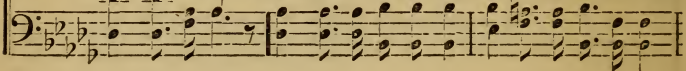
D. F. HODGES.



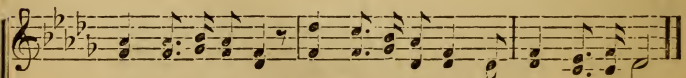
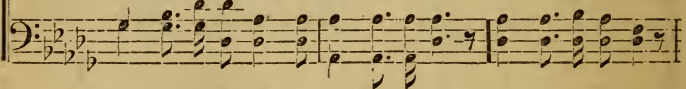
1. Up and away! like the dew of the morning, Soaring from earth to its
2. Up and away! like the o - dours of sunset, Sweet'ning the twilight as
3. Need I be miss'd if another succeed me, Reaping those fields which in



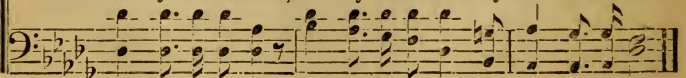
home in the sun,— So let me steal away, gently and lov-ing-ly,
darkness came on; So let me pass away, peace-fully, si-len-tly,
spring I have sown? Who plow'd or sow'd is not miss'd by the harvester,



On - ly remember'd by what I have done. On - ly remember'd,
On - ly remember'd by what I have done. On - ly remember'd,
But he's remember'd by what he has done. On - ly remember'd,



On - ly remembered, On - ly remembered by what I have done.
On - ly remembered, On - ly remembered by what I have done.
On - ly remembered, On - ly remembered by what he has done.



JESUS WILL GATHER US HOME.

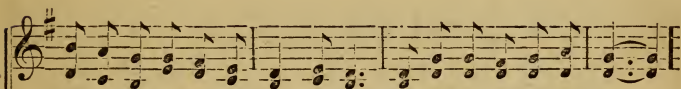
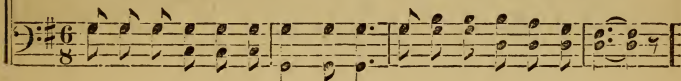
89

From the "Brilliant," by per.

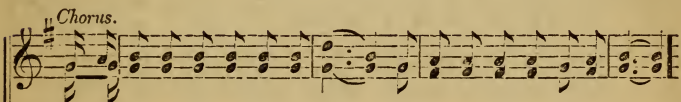
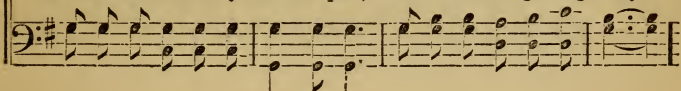
FRANK M. DAVIS.



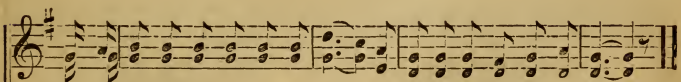
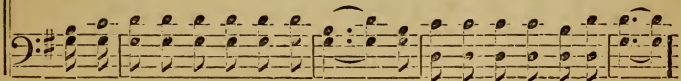
1. Onward we're travelling here below, Wandering pilgrims we roam,
2. Dark is this wilderness here below, Fading is each earthly joy,
3. Crosses we have on the road to bear, Shadows are thick on the way,



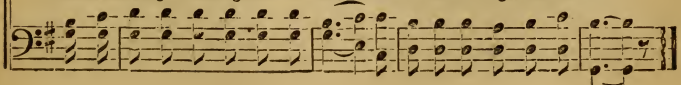
If we are faithful as on we go, Je-sus will gather us home.
But it is hap-pi-ness here to know, Heaven is without al - loy.
But we should never yield to despair, Je - sus will bring a bright day.



Then we'll sing of that glorious day, When Jesus will gather us home,

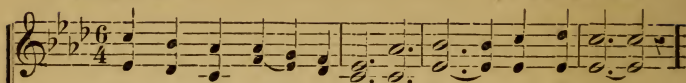


Then we'll sing of that glorious day, When Jesus will gather us home.

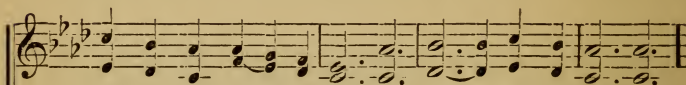


REV. S. F. SMITH.

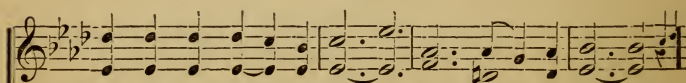
JAS. McGRANAHAN.



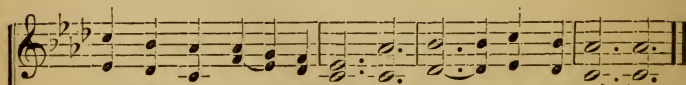
1. Tossing in dream - y sleep, Rocked on the foam,
 2. So, Christ the sin - ner's friend, Might - y to save;
 3. Then, from His slum - ber roused, Calm - ly He spoke,



Sad and sick, weak and worn, Far from his home;
 Slumbered once, wea - ri - ly, Toss'd on the wave;
 While o'er the ves - sel's deck, Rude bil - lows broke;



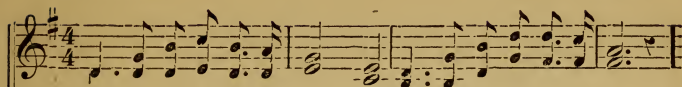
Sighs the lone wan - der - er, Seek - ing in vain,
 Slept as the in - no - cent On - ly can sleep,—
 "Wild winds and storm-y waves Peace, peace be still."



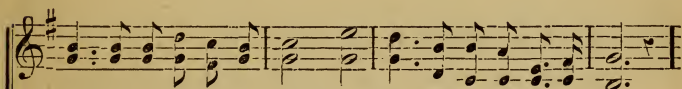
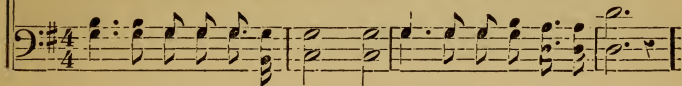
Rest from his wea - ri - ness, Ease from his pain.
 Slept till the wind a - rose O'er the wild deep.
 Wild winds and storm - y waves Bow'd to His will.

W. A. SPATE.

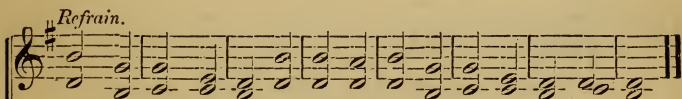
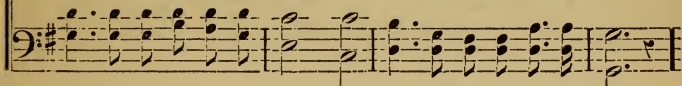
Arr. by J. H. TENNEY.



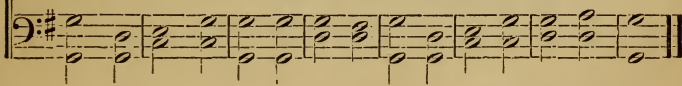
1. Careworn trav'ler on life's o - cean, Bound for yonder golden strand,
2. Tho' the sky be dark and gloom - y, And the wild storms loudly roar,
3. Trust in God and be not fear - ful, He will lend a helping hand ;



Look beyond the waves' commo - tion, Thou art nearing that blest land.
 Look with hopeful heart beyond them, Thou art nearing yon blest shore.
 Let thy heart be light and cheer-ful, Thou art near the better land.



Nearing, nearing, nearing, nearing, Thou art nearing that blest land.



Tune, "CHRIST THE REFUGE," on page 90.

4.

We are the wanderers
 Rocked on the foam,
 Sad and sick, weak and worn,
 Far from our home ;
 Sighing in loneliness,
 Seeking in vain
 Rest from our weariness,
 Ease from our pain.

5.

Speak to our troubled hearts,
 Saviour divine,
 Say to the tired and weak,
 "Peace thou art mine ;"
 Glad to this sheltering Rock,
 Dear Lord, we flee,
 None ever sought in vain
 Refuge in Thee.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

From the "Evergreen," by per.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. A - mid the toil and pain of life, A-mid its conflict and its strife, A
 2. When loved ones fade and pass away, And left alone on earth I stay, To
 3. We'll see our Saviour as he is, Enjoy his love and taste his bliss, And
 4. No more we'll reach the parting hand, In yonder bright and happy land, No

precious tho't to me is giv'n, The tho't of my sweet home in heav'n.
 cheer my heart this hope is giv'n, We'll meet in yon sweet home in heav'n.
 endless life will there be giv'n, In yon-der peaceful home in heav'n.
 more will sad farewells be giv'n, In yon-der blessed home in heav'n.

Chorus.

O home of peace, blest home of love,.... Sweet
 O home of peace, blest home of love, O home of peace, blest home of love, Sweet

Base and Tenor.

home.... of end - less life a - bove, ... When
 home of end - less life a - bove, Sweet home of endless life a - bove; When

ties that bind to earth.... are riv'n,..... I'll
 ties that bind to earth are riv'n, When ties that bind to earth are riv'n, I'll

seek..... thy courts.... sweet home in heav'n!
 seek thy courts, sweet home in heav'n, I'll seek thy courts, sweet home in heav'n.

SECURITY, S. M.

L. AUSTIN.

From "Morning Star," by per.

D. F. HODGES.

1. Blest be thy love, dear Lord, That taught us this sweet way,

On - ly to love thee for thy-self, And for that love o - bey.

2.

3.

Whether we sleep or wake,
 To thee we both resign;
 By night we see, as well as day,
 If thy light on us shine.

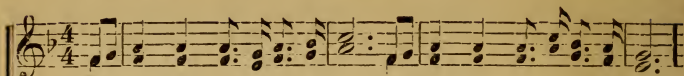
O thou, our soul's chief hope!
 We to thy mercy fly;
 Where'er we are, thou canst protect;
 Whate'er we need supply.

BE NOT DISCOURAGED.

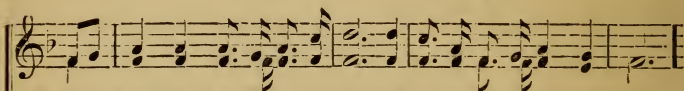
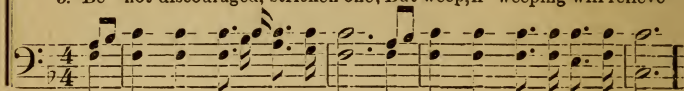
R. G. STAPLES.

From "Golden Sheaf," by per.

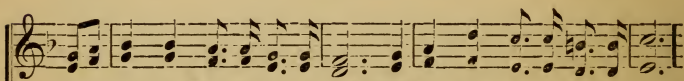
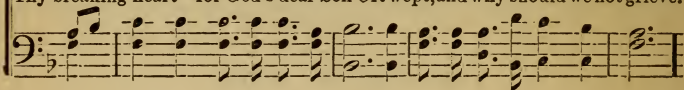
J. H. TENNEY.



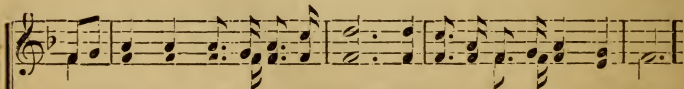
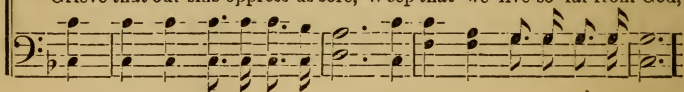
1. Be not discouraged, burden'd one, Tho' tears of anguish fill thine eyes;
2. Re - mem - ber sad Gethsemane, Thou who wouldst mourn thy sad estate,
3. Be not discouraged, stricken one; But weep, if weeping will relieve



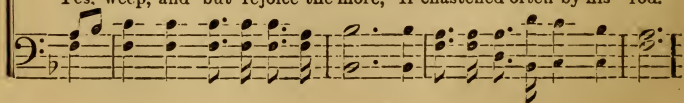
Though earthly prospects seem undone, And even hope within thee dies.
 And, look - ing up to Cal - va - ry, Repent thee, ere it is too late.
 Thy breaking heart—for God's dear Son Oft wept, and why should we not grieve?

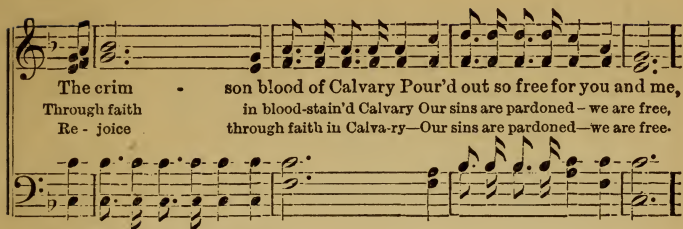


Does not the Man of Sorrows live? The Man who wept and shed his blood,
 For Je - sus wept, and may not we Find con - so - la - tion in our tears—
 Grieve that our sins oppress us sore, Weep that we live so far from God,



That to the wea - ry he might give Redemption thro' its crimson flood.
 Through sad a - flic - tion ev - er see The hand that chastens, likewise cheers.
 Yes, weep, and but rejoice the more, If chastened often by his rod.





The crim - son blood of Calvary Pour'd out so free for you and me,
Through faith in blood-stain'd Calvary Our sins are pardoned - we are free,
Re-joice through faith in Calva-ry—Our sins are pardoned—we are free.

The crimson blood of Cal-vary,

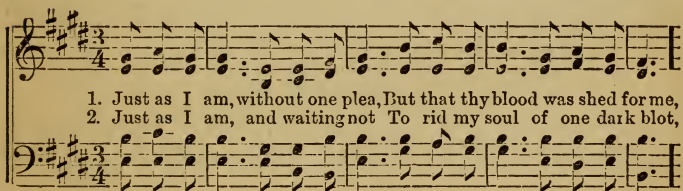


The crimson blood of Calvary, Pour'd out so free for you and me.
Thro' faith in blood-stain'd Calvary, Our sins are pardon'd—we are free.
Rejoice thro' faith in Calvary— Our sins are pardon'd—we are free.

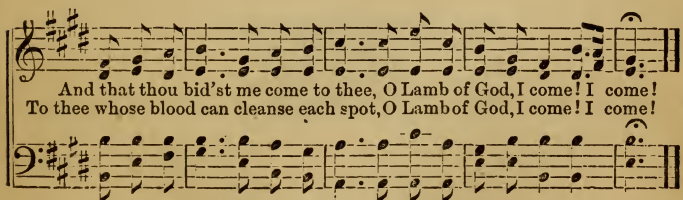
The crim - son blood of Calvary,

JUST AS I AM,

O. W. PILLSBURY.



1. Just as I am, without one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and waiting not To rid my soul of one dark blot,



And that thou bid'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

3.

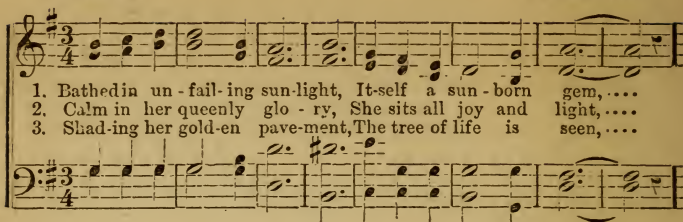
Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

4.

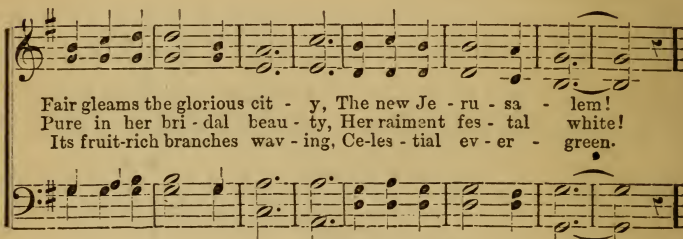
Just as I am—thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down;
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

DR. BONAR.

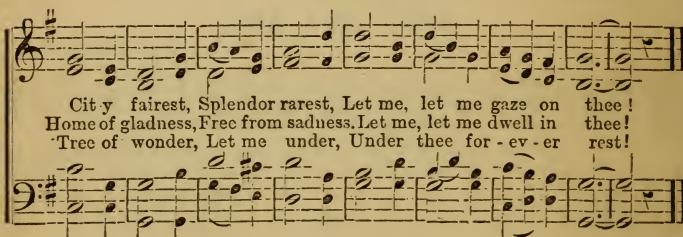
J. R. MURRAY.



1. Bathed in un-fail-ing sun-light, It-self a sun-born gem,....
 2. Calm in her queenly glo-ry, She sits all joy and light,....
 3. Shad-ing her gold-en pave-ment, The tree of life is seen,....



Fair gleams the glorious cit-y, The new Je-ru-sa-lem!
 Pure in her bri-dal beau-ty, Her raiment fes-tal white!
 Its fruit-rich branches wav-ing, Ce-les-tial ev-er-green.



Cit-y fairest, Splendor rarest, Let me, let me gaze on thee!
 Home of gladness, Free from sadness, Let me, let me dwell in thee!
 Tree of wonder, Let me under, Under thee for-ev-er rest!

4.

Fresh from the throne of Godhead,
 Bright in its crystal gleam,
 Bursts out the living fountain,
 Swells on the living stream.
 Blessed river, Let me ever,
 Ever feast my eye on thee!

5.

Stream of true life and gladness,
 Spring of all health and peace;
 No harps by thee hang silent,
 Nor happy voices cease.
 Tranquil river, Let me ever,
 Ever sit and sing by thee!

J. R. MURRAY.

1. Voy - a - ger o'er life's rough tide, Cast thy haunting fears a-side,
 2. Mourner sit - ting dumb with pain, Do not murmur or complain;
 3. Toil - er in life's dust - y ways, Dragging thro' the weary days,

He who walked in Gal - i - lee Walks as sure - ly by thy
 He by sor - rows sore - ly tried Shall be crowned with joy a -
 When the veil is rent in twain, Thou shalt see with sweet a -

side, Tho' thou canst not hear or see. } He car - eth for thee.
 - gain, 'Mong the hosts of pu - ri - fied. }
 - maze, Not a stripe was borne in vain. }

Tune, "COWPER," page 114.

1.

There is a safe and secret place
 Beneath the wings divine,
 Reserved for all the heirs of grace:
 Oh, be that refuge mine!

2.

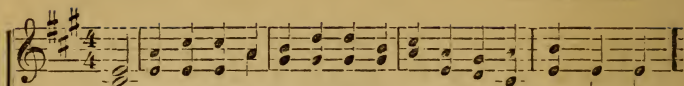
The least and feeblest there may bide,
 Uninjured and unawed;
 While thousands fall on every side,
 He rests secure in God.

3.

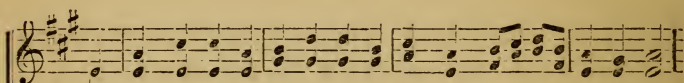
He feeds in pastures large and fair,
 Of love and truth divine;
 O child of God, O glory's heir!
 How rich a lot is thine!

4.

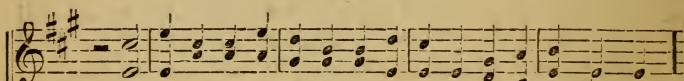
A hand almighty to defend,
 An ear for every call,
 An honored life, a peaceful end,
 And heaven to crown it all!



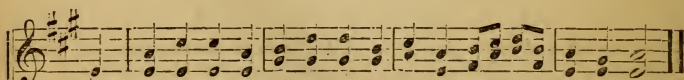
1. Je-sus, my all, to heav'n is gone, He, whom I fix'd my hopes upon ;
 2. This is the way I long have sought, And mourn'd because I found it not,
 3. Lo! glad I come; and thou, blest Lamb, Shalt take me to thee, as I am :



His track I see, and I'll pursue The narrow way, till him I view.
 My grief a burden long has been. Because I was not sav'd from sin.
 Nothing but sin have I to give, Nothing but love shall I re-ceive.



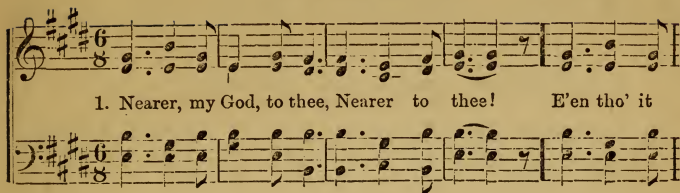
The way the holy prophets went, The road that leads from banishment,
 The more I strove against its power, I felt its weight and guilt the more;
 Then will I tell to sinners round, What a dear Saviour I have found;



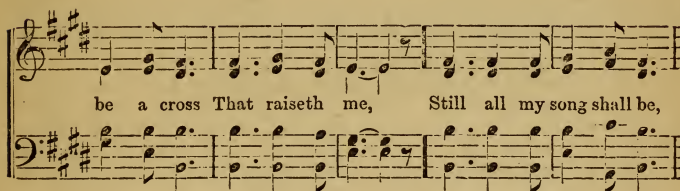
The King's highway of ho-li-ness, I'll go, for all his paths are peace.
 Till late I heard my Saviour say, Come hither, soul, I am the way.
 I'll point to thy redeeming blood, And say, Behold the way to God.

From the "Morning Star," by per.

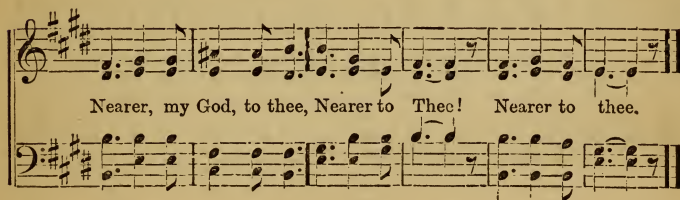
J. H. TENNEY



1. Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee! E'en tho' it



be a cross That raiseth me, Still all my song shall be,



Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to Thee! Nearer to thee.

2.

Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness comes over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

3.

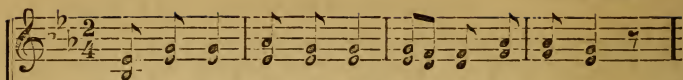
There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

4.

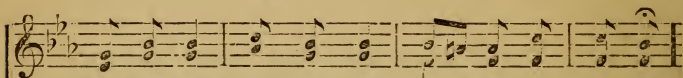
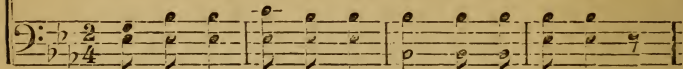
Then with my waking thoughts,
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs,
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

5.

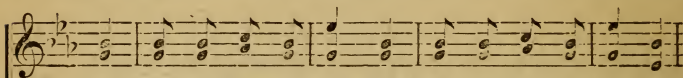
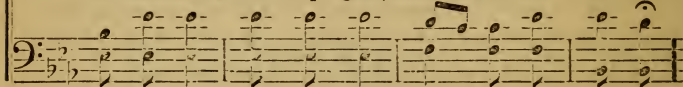
Or, if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.



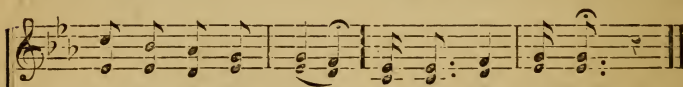
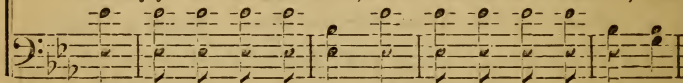
1. When shall we meet a - gain? Meet ne'er to sev - er?
 2. When shall love free - ly flow Pure as life's riv - er?



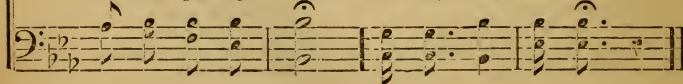
When will peace wreathe her chain Round us for - ev - er?
 When shall sweet friend-ship glow, Change-less for - ev - er?



Our hearts will ne'er re - pose, Safe from each blast that blows, In
 Where joys ce - les - tial thrill, Where bliss each heart shall fill, And



this dark vale of woes: Nev - er, no nev - er!
 fears of parting chill: Nev - er, no, nev - er!

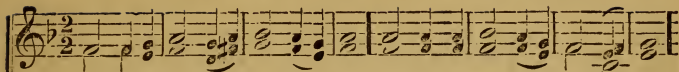


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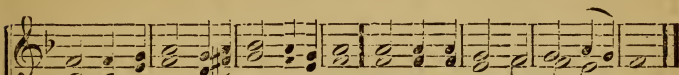
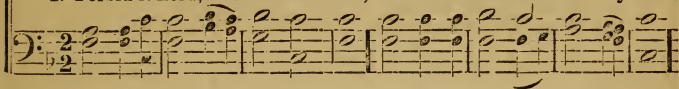
Up to that world of light,
 Take us, dear Saviour!
 May we all there unite,
 Happy forever!
 Where kindred spirits dwell,
 There may our music swell,
 And time our joys dispel
 Never, no, never!

4.

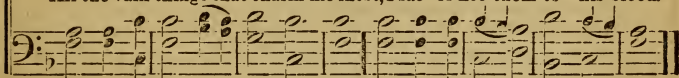
Soon shall we meet again,
 Meet no'er to sever;
 Soon will peace wreathe her chain
 Round us forever;
 Our hearts will then repose,
 Secure from worldly woes:
 Our songs of praise shall close
 Never, no, never!



1. When I survey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of Glory died,
2. Forbid it Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ my God :



My richest gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.
All the vain things that charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to his blood.



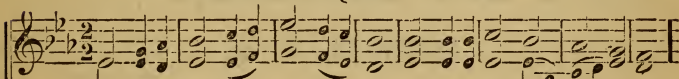
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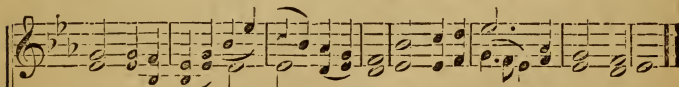
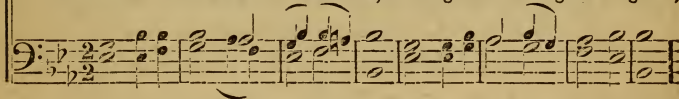
See, from his head, his hands, his feet, Were the whole realm of nature mine,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down! That were an offering far too small :
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet, Love so amazing, so divine,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ? Demands my soul, my life, my all!

DUKE STREET. L. M.

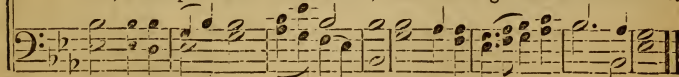
J. HATTON.



1. Now to the Lord a no - ble song ! Awake, my soul ! awake, my tongue!
2 See where it shines in Je - sus' face, The brightest im - age of his grace;



Ho-san-na to th'e - ternal Name ! And all his boundless love proclaim.
God, in the per - son of his Son, Has all his mightiest works outdone.



3.

4.

Grace !—'tis a sweet, a charming theme ! Oh, may I reach that happy place
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name ; Where he unveils his lovely face,
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound ; Where all his beauties you behold,
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground ! And sing his name to harps of gold.

H. K. OLIVER.

1. "Come hither, all ye wea-ry souls; Ye heavy-lad - en sinners, come!
 2. "They shall find rest who learn of me: I'm of a meek and low-ly mind;

I'll give you rest from all your toils, And raise you to my heavenly home.
 But passion rages like the sea, And pride is rest-less as the wind.

3. 4.

"Blest is the man whose shoulders take Jesus, we come at thy command;
 My yoke, and bear it with delight: With faith, and hope, and humble
 My yoke is easy to his neck, [light." Resign our spirits to thy hand, [zeal,
 My grace shall make the burden To mold and guide us at thy will.

HEBRON. L. M.

DR. L. MASON.

1. Thus far the Lord has led me on; Thus far his pow'r prolongs my days;
 2. Much of my time has run to waste, And I perhaps am near my home:
 3. I lay my bo - dy down to sleep; Peace is the pillow for my head;

And every evening shall make known Some fresh memorial of his grace.
 But he forgives my fol-lies past: He gives me strength for days to come.
 While well-appointed angels keep Their watchful stations round my bed.

L. O. EMERSON.

1. Lord, I am thine, en-tirely thine, Purchased and saved by blood divine;
2. Here, O my Lord, my soul, my all, I yield to thee beyond recall;

With full consent I thine would be, And own thy sovereign right in me.
Accept thine own, so long withheld, Accept what I so freely yield.

3.
Grant one poor sinner more a place
Among the children of thy grace;
A wretched sinner lost to God,
But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.

4.
The vow is past beyond repeal;
Now will I set the solemn seal:
Thine would I live, thine would I die,
Be thine through all eternity.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

DR. L. MASON.

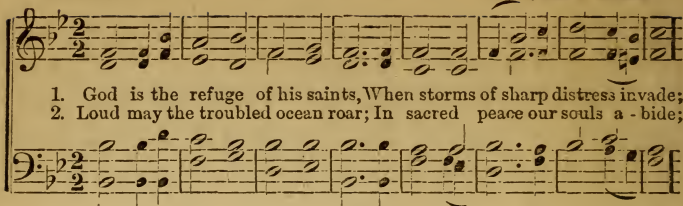
1. Be-hold a Stranger at the door: He gently knocks, has knocked before;
2. Oh, lovely at-titude! he stands With melting heart and open hands:

Has waited long, is waiting still: You treat no oth-er friend so ill.
Oh, matchless kindness! and he shows This matchless kindness to his foes!

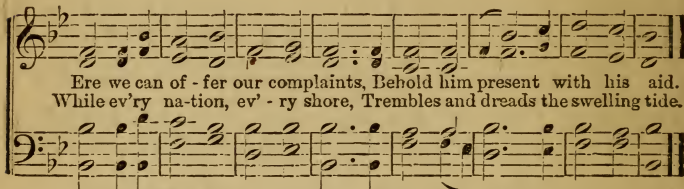
3.
Rise, touched with gratitude divine,
Turn out his enemy and thine;
Turn out thy soul-enslaving sin,
And let the heavenly Stranger in.

4.
Oh, welcome him, the Prince of Peace!
Now may his gentle reign increase!
Throw wide the door, each willing mind;
And be his empire all mankind.

Arr. by DR. L. MASON.



1. God is the refuge of his saints, When storms of sharp distress invade;
2. Loud may the troubled ocean roar; In sacred peace our souls a-bide;



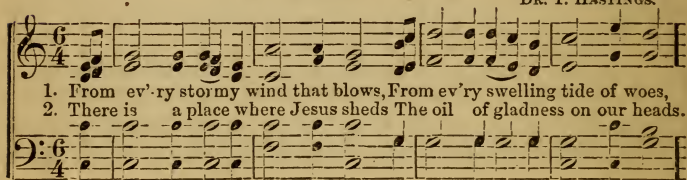
Ere we can of - fer our complaints, Behold him present with his aid.
While ev'ry na-tion, ev' - ry shore, Trembles and dreads the swelling tide.

3. There is a stream, whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God,
Life, love and joy, still gliding thro',
And watering our divine abode.

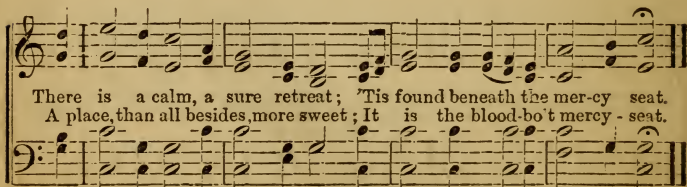
4. That sacred stream, thine holy word,
Our grief allays, our fear controls;
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting
[souls.]

RETREAT. L. M.

DR. T. HASTINGS.



1. From ev'ry stormy wind that blows, From ev'ry swelling tide of woes,
2. There is a place where Jesus sheds The oil of gladness on our heads.



There is a calm, a sure retreat; 'Tis found beneath the mer-cy seat.
A place, than all besides, more sweet; It is the blood-bo't mer-cy - seat.

3. There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with
[friend;
Tho' sunder'd far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat!

4. Oh! let my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold, and still,
This throbbing heart forget to beat,
If I forget the mercy-seat.

1. Life is the time to serve the Lord, The time t'insure the great reward;
2. Life is the hour that God has given, T'escape from hell and fly to heav'n;

And while the lamp holds out to burn, The vilest sin-ner may return.
The day of grace,—and mortals may Secure the blessings of the day.

3.

4.

Then what my thoughts design to do, There are no acts of pardon passed
My hands, with all your might pursue, In the cold ground to which we haste ;
Since no device, nor work is found, But darkness, death, and long despair
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground. Reign in eternal silence there.

WINDHAM. L. M.

DANIEL READ.

1. Broad is the road that leads to death, And thousands walk together there ;
2. "De-ny thyself, and take thy cross," Is the Redeemer's great command ;

But wisdom shows a narrow path, With here and there a trav-el - ler.
Nature must count her gold but dross, If she would gain this heav'nly land.

3

4

The fearful soul that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteemed almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.

Lord! let not all my hopes be vain ;
Create my heart entirely new:
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain;
Which false apostates never knew.

Slowly.

1. Oh that my load of sin were gone! Oh that I could at last sub-mit!

At Jesus' feet to lay it down—To lay my soul at Je - sus' feet!

2.
Rest for my soul I long to find :
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thy image on my heart.

3.
Fain would I learn of thee, my God ;
Thy light and easy burden prove,—
The cross all stained with hallowed
The labor of thy dying love. [blood,

TOURJEE. L. M.

J. H. TENNEY, 1867.

1. With all my pow'rs of heart and tongue, I'll praise my Maker in my song ;

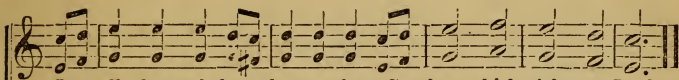
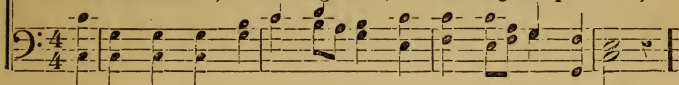
Angels shall hear the notes I raise, Approve the song, and join the praise.

2.
Amid a thousand snares, I stand
Upheld and guarded by thy hand ;
Thy words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.

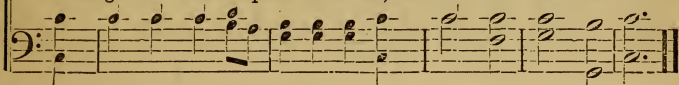
3.
I'll sing thy truth and mercy, Lord,
I'll sing the wonders of thy word ;
Not all thy works and names below
So much thy power and glory show.



1. Arise, ye peo - ple, and a - dore ; Ex - ult - ing strike the chord !
 2. Glad shouts aloud, wide echoing round, Th'as - cending God pro - claim ;



Let all the earth, from shore to shore, Con - fess th'al - might - y Lord.
 Th'an - gel - ic choir respond the sound, And shake cre - a - tion's frame.

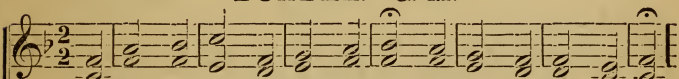


3.

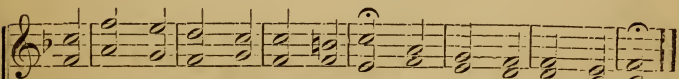
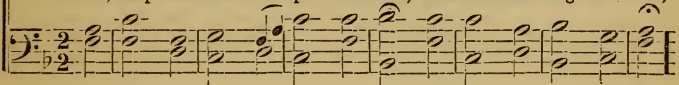
4.

- They sing of death and hell o'erthrown Oh, shout, ye people, and adore ;
 In that triumphant hour ; Exulting strike the chord !
 And God exalts his conqu'ring Son Let all the earth, from shore to shore,
 To his right hand of power. Confess th' almighty Lord !

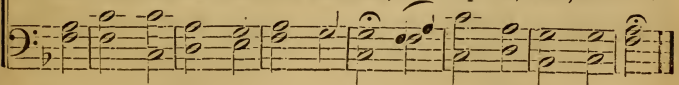
DUNDEE. C. M.



1. Oh, help us, Lord ! each hour of need Thy heavenly suc - cor give ;
 2. Oh, help us when our spir - its bleed, With contrite anguish sore ;



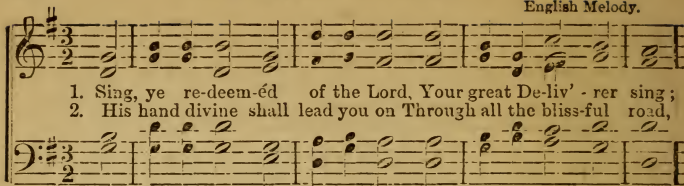
Help us in tho't and word and deed, Each hour on earth we live.
 And when our hearts are cold and dead, Oh help us, Lord, the more !



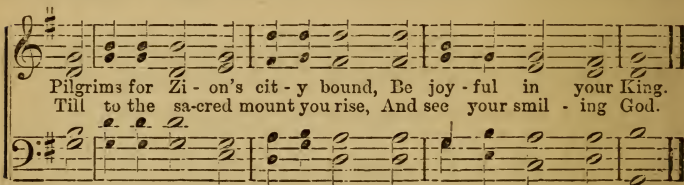
3.

4.

- Oh, help us, thro' the prayer of faith, Oh, help us, Jesus ! from on high ;
 More firmly to believe ! We know no help but thee ;
 For still the more the servant hath, Oh, help us so to live and die,
 The more shall he receive. As thine in heaven to be !



1. Sing, ye re-deem-ed of the Lord, Your great De-liv' - rer sing ;
2. His hand divine shall lead you on Through all the bliss-ful road,



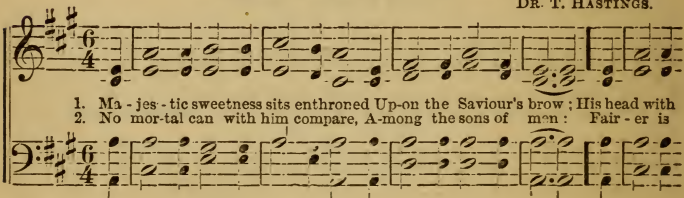
Pilgrims for Zi - on's cit - y bound, Be joy - ful in your King.
Till to the sa - cred mount you rise, And see your smil - ing God.

3.
There garlands of immortal joy
Shall bloom on every head ;
While sorrow, sighing, and distress,
Like shadows, all are fled.

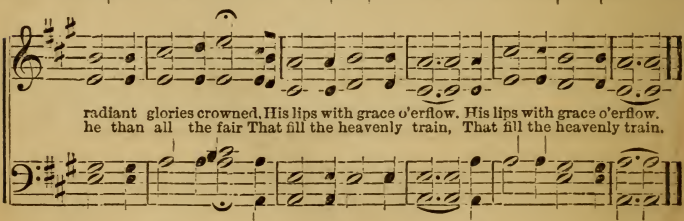
4.
March on in your Redeemer's strength ;
Pursue his footsteps still ;
And let the prospect cheer your eye,
While lab'ring up the hill

ORTONVILLE. C. M.

DR. T. HASTINGS.



1. Ma - jes - tic sweetness sits enthroned Up-on the Saviour's brow ; His head with
2. No mor-tal can with him compare, A-mong the sons of men : Fair - er is

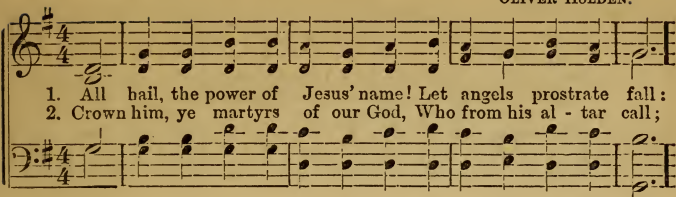


radiant glories crowned, His lips with grace o'erflow. His lips with grace o'erflow.
he than all the fair That fill the heavenly train, That fill the heavenly train.

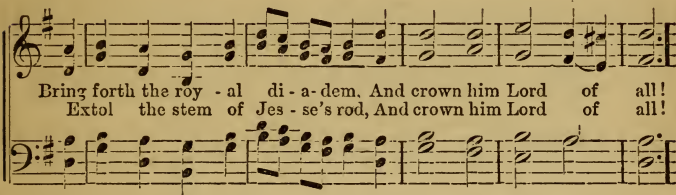
3.
To him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have ;
He makes me triumph over death,
He saves me from the grave.

4.
Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord ! they should all be thine.

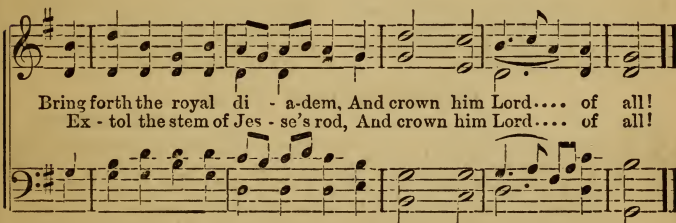
OLIVER HOLDEN.



1. All hail, the power of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall:
2. Crown him, ye martyrs of our God, Who from his altar call;



Bring forth the roy - al di - a-dem, And crown him Lord of all!
Extol the stem of Jes - se's rod, And crown him Lord of all!



Bring forth the royal di - a-dem, And crown him Lord.... of all!
Ex - tol the stem of Jes - se's rod, And crown him Lord.... of all!

3.

Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all!

4.

Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all!

"HOSANNA TO THE SON OF DAVID!"

1.

Hosanna! be our cheerful song
To Christ our Saviour King;
His praise, to whom we all belong,
Let all unite to sing.

3.

Hosanna! sound from hill to hill,
And spread from plain to plain;
While louder, sweeter, clearer still,
Woods echo to the strain.

2.

Hosanna! here in joyful bands,
Let old and young proclaim;
And hail, with voices, hearts, and hands, Till morn to eve, and noon to night,
The Son of David's name.

4.

Hosanna! on the wings of light,
O'er earth and ocean fly,
And heaven to earth reply.

1. Sweet was the time when first I felt The Saviour's pardoning blood
 2. In pray'r, my soul drew near the Lord, And saw his glo - ry shine;

Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt, And bring me home to God.
 And when I read his ho - ly word, I called each promise mine.

3. Now, when the evening shade prevails, My soul in darkness mourns;
 And when the morn the light reveals, No light to me returns.
4. Rise, Saviour! help me to prevail,
 And make my soul thy care;
 I know thy mercy cannot fail,
 Let me that mercy share.

PETERBORO'. C. M.

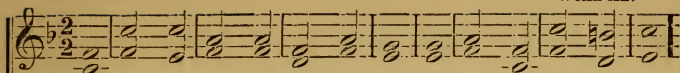
RALPH HARRISON.

1. Happy the heart where graces reign, Where love inspires the breast:
 2. Knowledge—alas! 'tis all in vain, And all in vain our fear;

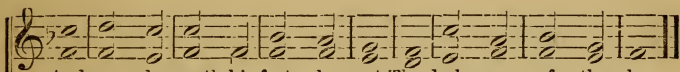
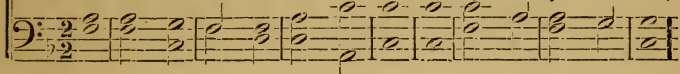
Love is the brightest of the train, And strengthens all the rest.
 Our stubborn sins will fight and reign, If love be absent there.

3. This is the grace that lives and sings,
 When faith and hope shall cease;
 'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings,
 In realms of endless peace.
4. Before we quite forsake our clay,
 Or leave this dark abode,
 The wings of love bear us away,
 To sec our smiling God.

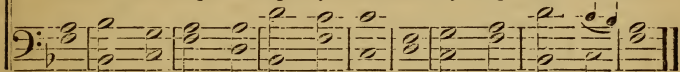
Welsh Air.



1. The Lord de-scend-ed from a-bove, And bow'd the heav'n's most high;
 2. On cher-ub and on cher-u-bim, Full roy-al-ly he rode;



- And un-der-neath his feet he cast The dark-ness of the sky.
 And on the wings of might-y winds Came fly-ing all a-broad.



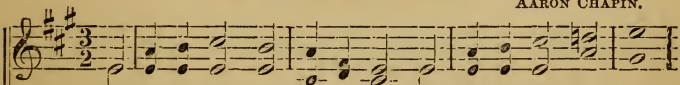
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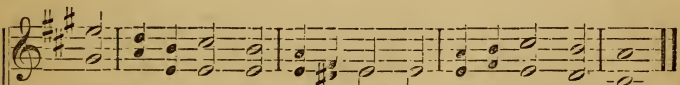
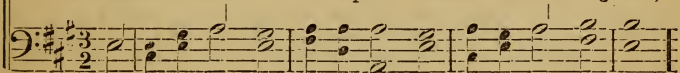
- The Lord will give his people strength, Give glory to his awful name,
 Whereby they shall increase; And honor him alone;
 And he will bless his chosen flock Give worship to his majesty
 With everlasting peace. Upon his holy throne.

MELODY. C. M.

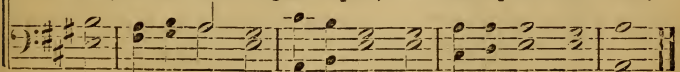
AARON CHAPIN.



1. Oh for a faith that will not shrink Tho' press'd by ev'-ry foe;
 2. That will not murmur nor complain Beneath the chast'ning rod;



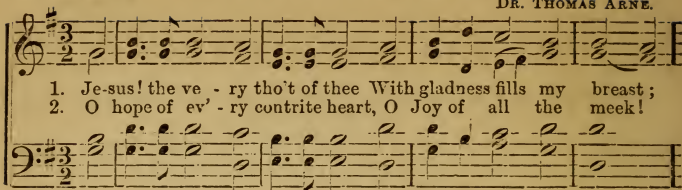
- That will not tremble on the brink Of an-y earth-ly woe!
 But, in the hour of grief or pain, Will lean up-on its God;



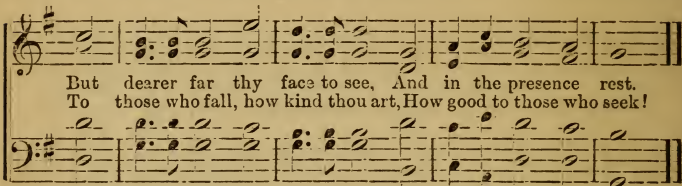
3.

4.

- A faith that shines more bright and clear A faith that keeps the narrow way
 When tempests rage without; Till life's last hour is fled,
 That, when in danger, knows no fear, And with a pure and heavenly ray
 In darkness feels no doubt. Lights up a dying bed!



1. Je-sus! the ve - ry tho't of thee With gladness fills my breast;
2. O hope of ev' - ry contrite heart, O Joy of all the meek!

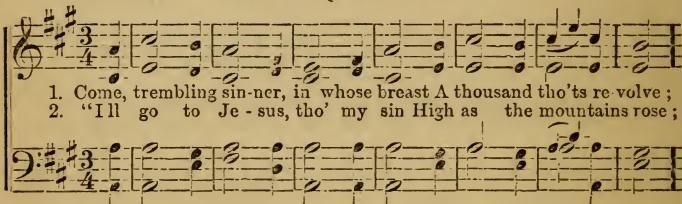


But dearer far thy face to see, And in the presence rest.
To those who fall, how kind thou art, How good to those who seek!

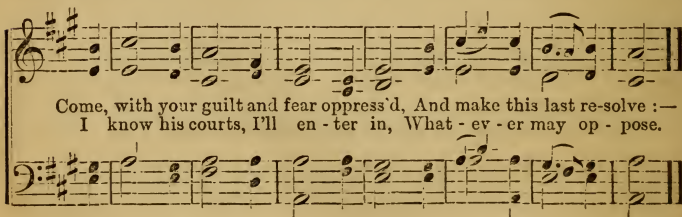
3.
And those who find thee, find a bliss
Nor tongue nor pen can show :
The love of Jesus—what it is,
None but his loved ones know.

4.
Jesus, our only joy be thou!
As thou our prize wilt be ;
Jesus, be thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

BALERMA. C. M.



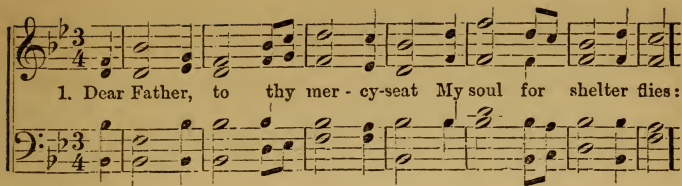
1. Come, trembling sin-ner, in whose breast A thousand tho'ts re-volve ;
2. "I'll go to Je - sus, tho' my sin High as the mountains rose ;



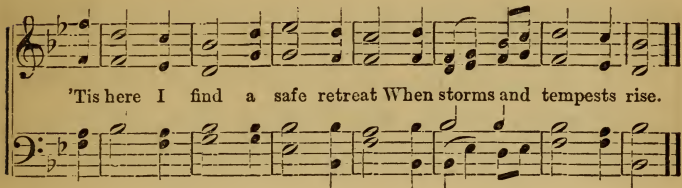
Come, with your guilt and fear oppress'd, And make this last re-solve :—
I know his courts, I'll en - ter in, What - ev - er may op - pose.

3.
"Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

4.
"I can but perish if I go ;
I am resolved to try ;
For if I stay away, I know
I must for ever die."



1. Dear Father, to thy mer - cy-seat My soul for shelter flies:

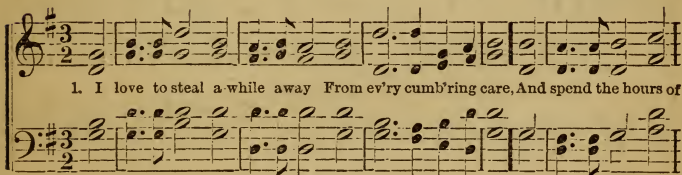


'Tis here I find a safe retreat When storms and tempests rise.

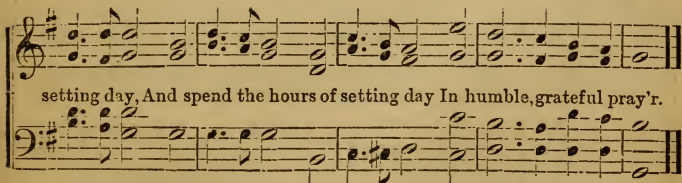
- | | |
|---|--|
| 2. | 3. |
| My cheerful hope can never die,
If thou, my God, art near ;
Thy grace can raise my comforts high,
And banish every fear. | Oh, never let my soul remove
From this divine retreat!
Still let me trust thy power and love,
And dwell beneath thy feet. |

WOODLAND. C. M.

N. D. GOULD.

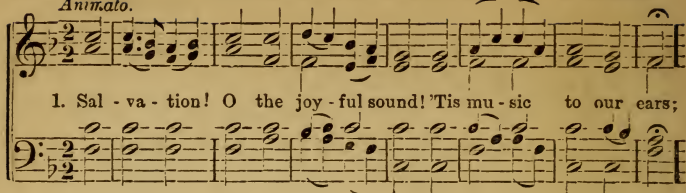


1. I love to steal a while away From ev'ry cumb'ring care, And spend the hours of

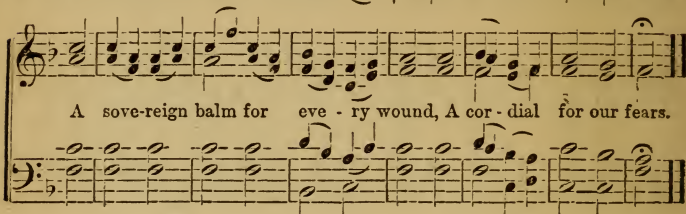


setting day, And spend the hours of setting day In humble, grateful pray'r.

- | | |
|--|--|
| 2. | 3. |
| I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore ;
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore. | Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day! |

Animato.


1. Sal - va - tion! O the joy - ful sound! 'Tis mu - sic to our ears;



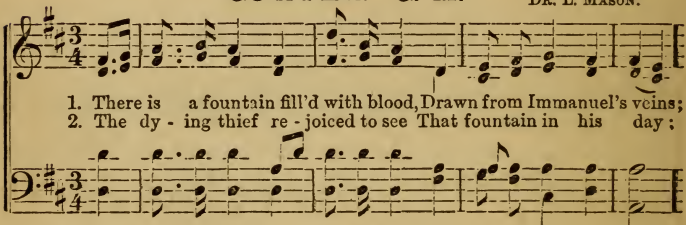
A sove-reign balm for eve - ry wound, A cor - dial for our fears.

2.
Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb!
To thee the praise belongs;
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And animate our songs.

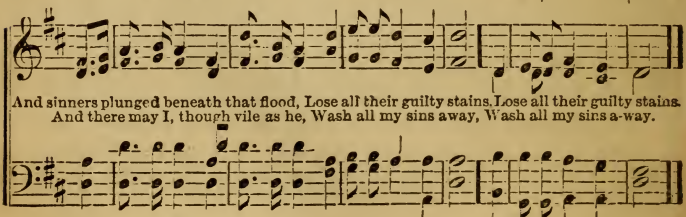
3.
Salvation! let the echo fly,
The spacious earth around;
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

COWPER. C. M.

DR. L. MASON.



1. There is a fountain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
2. The dy - ing thief re - joiced to see That fountain in his day;



And sinners plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains. Lose all their guilty stains.
And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins away, Wash all my sins a-way.

3.
Dear dying Lamb: thy precious blood,
Shall never lose its power.
Till all the ransomed church of God,
Are saved, to sin no more.

4.
Since first by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die.

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a-lone, And all the world go free!

No : there's a cross for eve - ry one, And there's a cross for me.

2.
How happy are the saints above
Who once went sorrowing here ;
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3.
The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free,
And then go home my crown to wear,—
For there's a crown for me!

CRESSEY. C. M.

J. H. TENNEY.

Moderato.

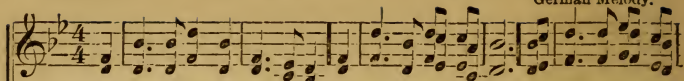
1. A-las! and did my Saviour bleed? And did my Sovereign die?

Would he de - vote that sacred head For such a worm as I?

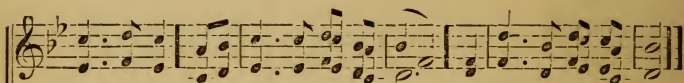
3.
Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

4.
But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe :
Here, Lord, I give myself away ;
'Tis all that I can do.

German Melody.



1. Thou dear Redeemer, dy-ing Lamb, I love to hear of thee ; No music's like thy
 2. Oh, may I ev - er hear thy voice In mercy to me speak ; In thee, my priest, will



charming name, Nor half so sweet can be, Nor half so sweet can be.
 I re-joice, And thy sal - va-tion seek, And thy sal - va-tion seek.

3.
 My Jesus shall be still my theme,
 While on this earth I stay ;
 I'll sing my Jesus' lovely name,
 When all things else decay.

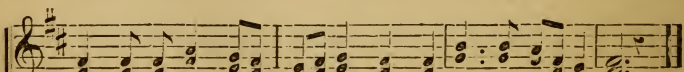
4.
 When I appear in yonder cloud,
 With all his favored throng,
 Then will I sing, more sweet, more loud,
 And Christ shall be my song.

NAOMI. C. M.

DR. L. MASON.



1. Father, whate'er of earthly bliss Thy sovereign will denies,



Ac - cept-ed at thy throne of grace, Let this pe - ti-tion rise :

2.
 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
 From every murmur free :
 The blessings of thy grace impart,
 And make me live to thee.

3.
 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
 My life and death attend ;
 Thy presence thro' my journey shine,
 And crown my journey's end.

D. F. HODGES, by per.

Andante.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love :
2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne We pour our ar - dent pray'rs;

The fel-low-ship of kindred minds Is like to that a - bove.
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our comforts and our cares.

3. When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain ;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

4. From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free,
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

BELKNAP. S. M.

MOZART.

Allegro.

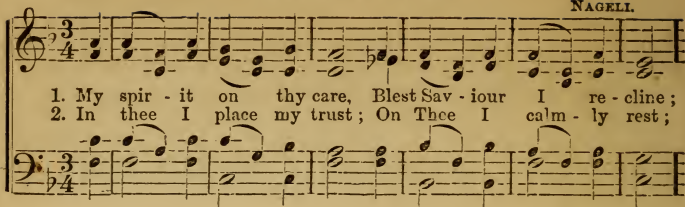
1. Sol - diers of Christ : a - rise, And put your ar - mor on,—
2. Strong in the Lord of hosts, And in his might - y pow'r :

Strong in the strength which God supplies Thro' his e - ter - nal Son.—
Who in the strength of Je - sus trusts, Is more than con - quer - or.

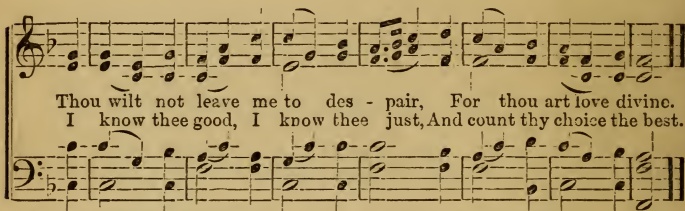
3. Stand, then, in his great might,
With all his strength endued ;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God :

4. That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome, thro' Christ alone,
And stand entire at last,

NAGELL.



1. My spir - it on thy care, Blest Sav - iour I re - cline;
2. In thee I place my trust; On Thee I calm - ly rest;



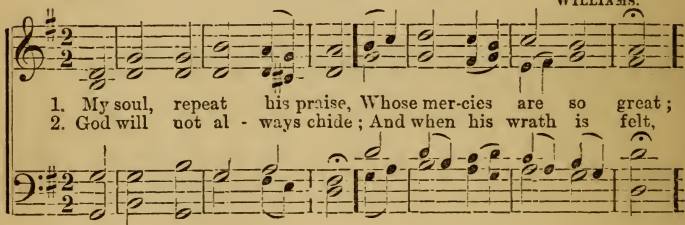
Thou wilt not leave me to des - pair, For thou art love divine.
I know thee good, I know thee just, And count thy choice the best.

3. Whate'er events betide,
Thy will they all perform;
Safe in thy breast my head I hide,
Nor fear the coming storm.

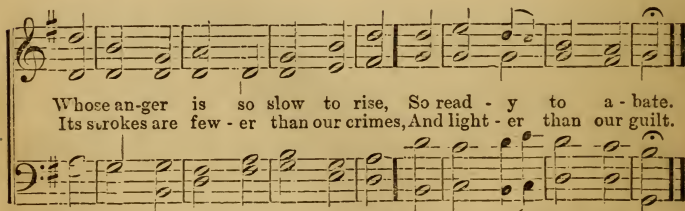
4. Let good or ill befall,
It must be good for me, —
Secure of having thee in all,
Of having all in thee.

ST. THOMAS. S. M.

WILLIAMS.



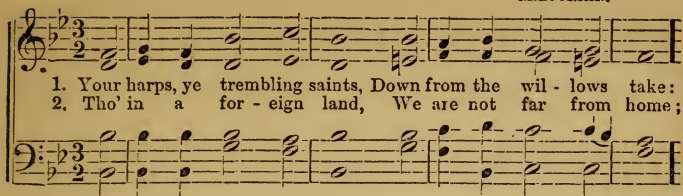
1. My soul, repeat his praise, Whose mer - cies are so great;
2. God will not al - ways chide; And when his wrath is felt,



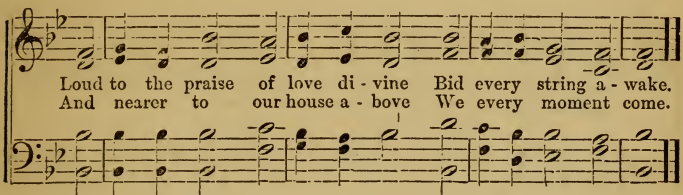
Whose an - ger is so slow to rise, So read - y to a - bate.
Its strokes are few - er than our crimes, And light - er than our guilt.

3. His power subdues our sins,
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

4. High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.



1. Your harps, ye trembling saints, Down from the wil - lows take;
2. Tho' in a for - eign land, We are not far from home;



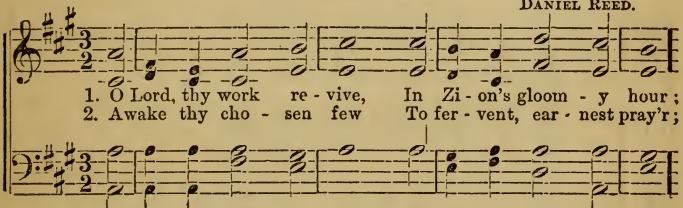
Loud to the praise of love di - vine Bid every string a - wake.
And nearer to our house a - bove We every moment come.

3.
When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame,
Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon his name.

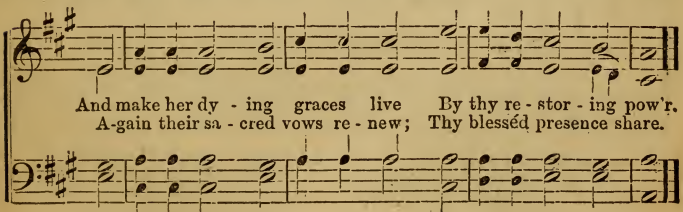
4.
Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside at his control;
His loving-kindness shall break thro'
The midnight of the soul.

LISBON. S. M.

DANIEL REED.



1. O Lord, thy work re - vive, In Zi - on's gloom - y hour;
2. Awake thy cho - sen few To fer - vent, ear - nest pray'r;



And make her dy - ing graces live By thy re - stor - ing pow'r.
A - gain their sa - cred vows re - new; Thy blesséd presence share.

3.
Thy Spirit then will speak
Through lips of feeble clay,
And hearts of adamant will break
And rebels will obey.

4.
Lord! lend thy gracious ear;
Oh, listen to our cry!
Oh, come and bring salvation here!
Our hopes on thee rely.

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, come, Let thy bright beams a - rise :
 2. Con-vince us of our sin ; Then lead to Je - sus' blood,

Dispel the sor - row from our minds, The darkness from our eyes.
 And to our wondering view re - veal The secret love of God.

3. 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart, To sanctify the soul,
 To pour fresh life in every part, And new create the whole.
 4. Dwell, Spirit, in our hearts ; Our minds from bondage free ;
 Then shall we know, and praise, and The Father, Son, and Thee. [love.]

BOYLSTON. S. M.


DR. L. MASON.

1. Oh where shall rest be found— Rest for the wea - ry soul?

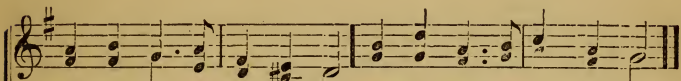
'Twere vain the o - cean depths to sound, Or pierce to ei - ther pole.

2. The world can never give
 The bliss for which we sigh :
 'Tis not the whole of life to live,
 Nor all of death to die.
 3. Beyond this vale of tears
 There is a life above,
 Unmeasured by the flight of years ;
 And all that life is love.
 4. 'There is a death whose pang
 Outlasts the fleeting breath :
 Oh, what eternal horrors hang
 Around the second death !
 5. Lord God of truth and grace,
 Teach us that death to shun ;
 Lest we be banished from thy face,
 And evermore undone.

PLEYEL.



1. Has - ten, sin - ner, to be wise : Stay not for the morrow's sun ;
2. Has - ten, mer - cy to im - plore : Stay not for the morrow's sun ;




Wisdom, if thou still de - spise, Harder is she to be won.
Lest thy season should be o'er Ere this evening's stage be run.

3.
Hasten, sinner, to return :
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn
Ere salvation's work is done.

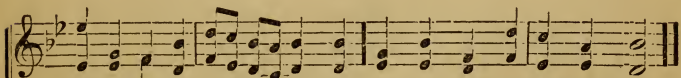
4.
Hasten, sinner, to be blest :
Stay not for the morrow's sun ;
Lest the curse should thee arrest
Ere the morrow is begun.

WILMOT. 8s & 7s.

C. M. VON WEBER.



1. Je - sus, hail ! enthron'd in glo - ry, There for - ev - er to a - bide ;



All the heavenly hosts a - dore thee, Seated at thy Father's side.

2.
There for sinners thou art pleading,
There thou dost our place prepare ;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

3.
Worship, honor, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive ;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.

1. Ma - ry to the Saviour's tomb Hasted at the ear - ly
 Spice she bro't and sweet perfume, But the Lord she loved had
 Trembling while a crys - tal flood Is - sued from her weep - ing

*Fine.**D.C.*

dawn ; } For a while she ling' - ring stood, }
 gone ; } Filled with sor - row and sur - prise, }
 eyes.

2. But her sorrow quickly fled, . What a change his word can make,
 When she heard his welcome voice, Turning darkness into day!
 Christ had risen from the dead ; Ye who weep for Jesus' sake,
 Now he bids her heart rejoice : He will wipe your tears away.

GREENVILLE. 8s & 7s.

ROUSSEAU.

1. Come, thou Fount of ev'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace ; }
 Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceasing, Call for songs of loudest praise. }
 Oh the vast, the boundless treasure, Of thy free un - changing love! *Fine.*

Teach me some melodious measure, Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove ; *D.C.*

2. Jesus sought me when a stranger, Oh, to grace how great a debtor
 Wandering from the fold of God ; Daily I'm constrained to be!
 He to rescue me from danger, Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
 Interposed his precious blood. Bind my wandering heart to thee.

1. Rock of A - ges! cleft for me; Let me hide myself in thee!
 D. C. — Be of sin the double cure—Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy riv - en side which flow'd,

2.
 Could my zeal no respite know,
 Could my tears forever flow—
 All for sin could not atone :
 Thou must save, and thou alone!
 Nothing in my hand I bring ;
 Simply to thy cross I cling.

3.
 While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When my eyelids close in death,
 When I soar to worlds unknown,
 See thee on thy judgment throne,—
 Rock of Ages! cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee!

LINCOLN. 7s.

E. ROBERTS, by per.
Fine.

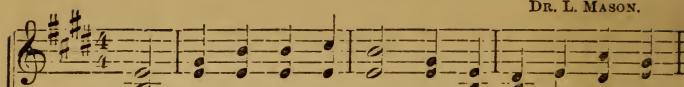
1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bosom fly, }
 While the raging billows roll, While the tempest still is high ; }
 D. C. Safe in - to the haven guide, Oh, re - ceive my soul at last.

Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, Till the storm of life is past :

2. Other refuge have I none ;
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee :
 Leave, ah, leave me not alone!
 Still support and comfort me ;
 All my trust on thee is stay'd ;
 All my help from thee I bring ;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.

3. Thou O Christ, art all I want,
 Boundless love in thee I find,
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
 Just and holy is thy name,
 I am all unrighteous ;
 Vile and full of sin I am—
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

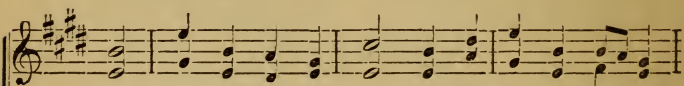
DR. L. MASON.



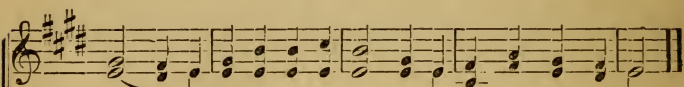
1. From Greenland's i - cy mountains, From India's cor - al
2. What tho' the spi - cy breez - es, Blow soft o'er Ceylon's



strand ; Where Afric's sunny fountains Roll down their golden sand ;
isle, Though ev' - ry prospect pleas - es, And only man is vile ?



From many an ancient riv - er, From many a palm - y
In vain with lav - ish kind - ness The gifts of God are



plain, They call us to de - liv - er Their land from error's chain.
strown ; The heathen, in his blindness, Bows down to wood and stone.

3.

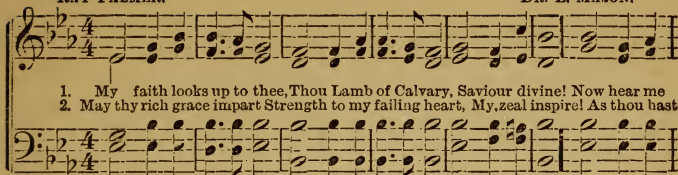
Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny ?
Salvation ! oh, salvation !
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learn'd Messiah's name.

4.

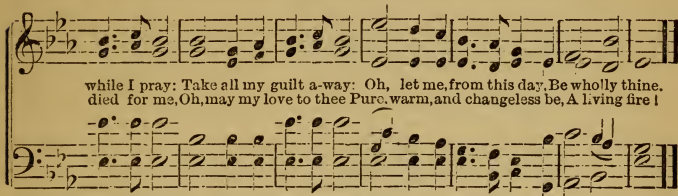
Waft, waft, ye winds, His story ;
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole ;
Till o'er our ransom'd nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

RAY PALMER.

DR. L. MASON.



1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary, Saviour divine! Now hear me
 2. May thy rich grace impart Strength to my failing heart, My zeal inspire! As thou hast

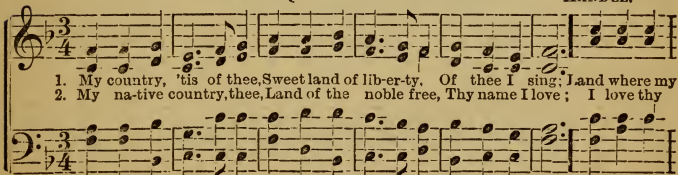


while I pray: Take all my guilt a-way: Oh, let me, from this day, Be wholly thine.
 died for me, Oh, may my love to thee Pure, warm, and changeless be, A living fire!

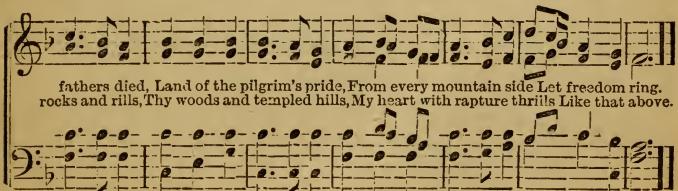
3. While life's dark maze I tread,
 And griefs around me spread,
 Be thou my guide;
 Bid darkness turn to day,
 Wipe sorrow's tears away,
 Nor let me ever stray
 From thee aside,
4. When ends life's transient dream,
 When death's cold, sullen stream
 Shall o'er me roll,
 Blest Saviour! then, in love,
 Fear and distrust remove;
 Oh, bear me safe above—
 A ransomed soul!

AMERICA. 6s & 4s.

HANDEL.



1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib-er-ty. Of thee I sing: Land where my
 2. My na-tive country, thee, Land of the noble free, Thy name I love; I love thy



fathers died, Land of the pilgrim's pride, From every mountain side Let freedom ring.
 rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills, My heart with rapture thrills Like that above.

3. Let music swell the breeze,
 And ring from all the trees
 Sweet freedom's song;
 Let mortal tongues awake,
 Let all that breathe partake,
 Let rocks their silence break,
 The sound prolong.
4. Our Father's God! to thee,
 Author of liberty!
 To thee we sing;
 Long may our land be bright
 With freedom's holy light,
 Protect us by thy might,
 Great God, our King.

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, Heav'nly Dove, With all thy quick'ning pow'rs ;

Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, Heav'nly Dove, With all thy quick'ning pow'rs, Kin -

Kindle a flame of

Kin - dle a flame of sacred love, In these cold hearts..... of

- dle a flame of sacred love, Kindle a flame of sacred love In these cold hearts of

sa - cred love, In these cold hearts of ours, In these cold hearts of

ours, Kindle a flame of sacred love In these cold hearts of ours.

ours, Kin - dle a flame of sacred love In these cold hearts of ours.

ours, Kindle a flame of sacred love In these cold hearts of ours.

2.

3.

Look, how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys!
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.

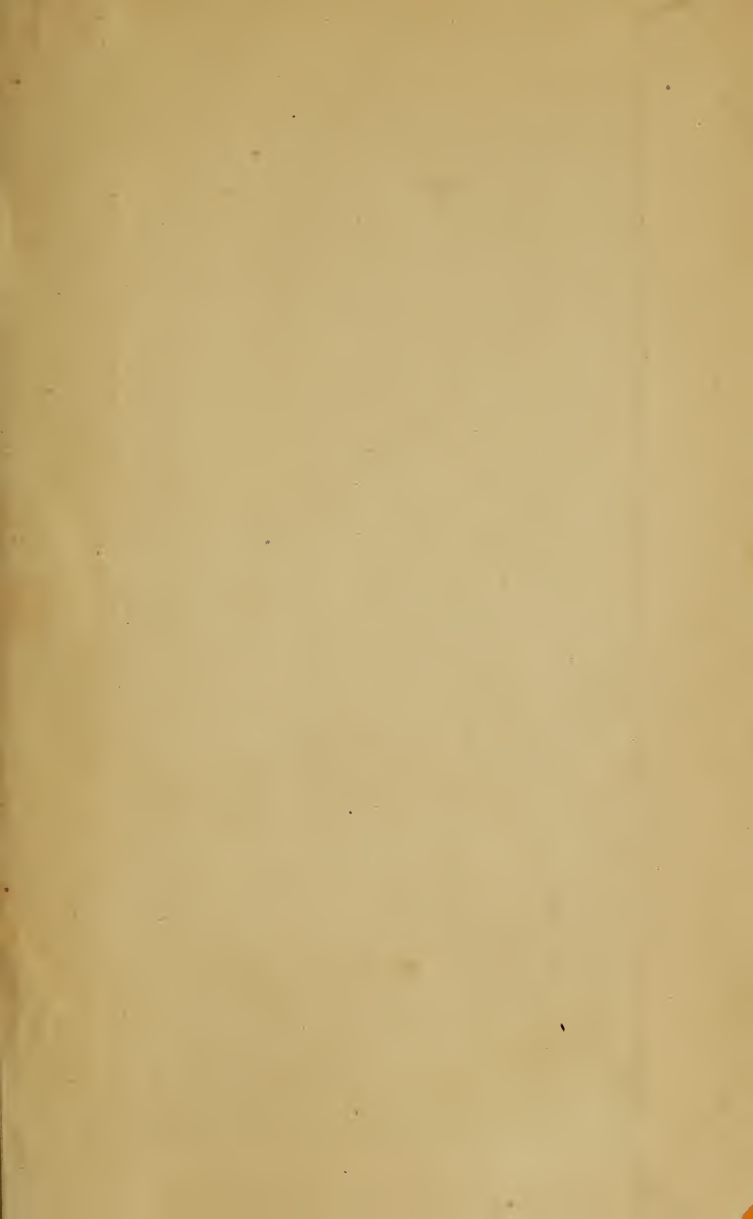
In vain we tune our formal songs ;
In vain we strive to rise :
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

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